

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"THE FALLEN LEAVES." BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER II.

MR. HETHCOTE looked at the address on the letter with an expression of surprise, which did not escape the notice of Amelius. "Do you know Mr. Farnaby?" he asked.

"I have some acquaintance with him," was the answer, given with a certain appearance of constraint.

Amelius went on eagerly with his questions. "What sort of man is he? Do you think he will be prejudiced against me, because I have been brought up at Tadmor?"

"I must be a little better acquainted. Amelius, with you and Tadmor, before I can answer your question. Suppose you tell me how you became one of the Socialists, to begin with?"

"I was only a little boy, Mr. Hethcote, at that time."

"Very good. Even little boys have memories. Is there any objection to your telling me what you can remember?"

Amelius answered rather sadly, with his eyes bent on the deck:

"I remember something happening which threw a gloom over us, at home in England."

I heard that my mother was concerned in it. When I grew older, I never presumed to ask my father what it was; and he never offered to tell me. I only know this: that he forgave her some wrong she had done him, and let her go on living at home—and that relations and friends all blamed him, and fell away from him, from that time. Not long afterwards, while I was at school, my mother died. I was sent for, to follow her funeral with my father. When we got back, and were alone together, he took me on his knee, and kissed me. 'Which will you do, Amelius,' he said: 'stay in England with your uncle and aunt?

or come with me all the way to America, and never go back to England again? Take time to think of it.' I wanted no time to think of it; I said, 'Go with you, papa.' He frightened me by bursting out crying; it was the first time I had ever seen him in tears. I can understand it now. He had been cut to the heart, and had borne it like a martyr; and his boy was his one friend left. Well, by the end of the week we were on board the ship; and there we met a benevolent gentleman, with a long, gray beard, who bade my father welcome, and presented me with a cake. In

(Continued on page 374.)



THE FALLEN LEAVES.—"THE ELDER BROTHER TOOK HER BY THE HAND AND KISSED HER ON THE FOREHEAD."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1879.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A special artist and a descriptive writer, from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, accompany the party of New York and Chicago merchants on their visit to Mexico with a view to the establishment of business relations with that country. The illustrations, which will appear from week to week, are to consist of the most interesting subjects connected with the expedition, while the description will be accurate, vivid, and deeply interesting. As both the illustrations and reading matter are intended to develop the commercial relations between the two countries, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will obviously be the best medium for the acquisition of information on this all-important and engrossing subject.

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PROGRESS OF FISCAL IDEAS.

OUR enlightened contemporary, the New York Nation, in recently commenting upon the resumption of specie payments in the United States, dropped the remark that the Government, after the 1st of January in this year, will have entered "on the performance of an entirely new function—that of a bank of issue, which is," it adds, "a novelty in finance." The "novelty" in the case, now that resumption is an accomplished fact, should not, we opine, be found in the mere banking function assumed by the Government, for this innovation was adventured in the year 1862, when the Government for the first time turned itself into a "bank of issue," and proceeded to issue its notes without any capital except the faith and credit of the nation.

Under the resumption of specie payments it would be more accurate to say that the Government proposes to discharge the duties as well as to exercise the rights pertaining to a bank of issue, and it remains to be seen whether the Secretary of the Treasury, in addition to his other engrossing cares, will be able to combine in his single person the faculties of a great bank president and of a great bank cashier. As the present incumbent of the Treasury Department expresses his entire confidence in the provisions with which he is armed for the maintenance of specie payments, now that they have been resumed, we hope that those who question his abilities as a financial administrator will not be swift to impeach the wisdom of his measures, for this late opponent of specie resumption ought to be among the last to question the talent of our Secretary of the Treasury for managing a "bank of issue," seeing that they clamored only a few months ago for "unlimited greenbacks" to be issued under his direction, or at least for a number equal to the present volume of the national bank currency. A Secretary who should have been equal to the requirements imposed by such an enlargement of his banking functions ought to have had the shoulders of Atlas, the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus.

The Comptroller of the Currency in his late report has well explained that with the existing relations between the Treasury Department and the National Banks, it would seem almost impossible that resumption shall fail, for the former holds an amount of coin which is equal to more than forty per cent. of the entire issue of the legal-tender notes, while the banks hold nearly one-third of the volume of these notes. If, therefore, the banks co-operate with the Treasury, as it is their interest to do, there is no room for the creation of "Black Fridays" in the gold market; and even if this co-operation should not be universal, it could not, he argues, affect the general or ultimate result, for if any considerable portion of the legal-tender notes be exchanged for coin at the Treasury and be withdrawn from use, the notes will become scarce and the coin be forced into circulation to supply the requirements of business, and thus fill the gap.

Now that we have reached the present stage of advanced progress in the management of the national currency and the national finances, it would be an interesting chapter in our political annals to review the steps by which the nation has been led to the adoption of fiscal agencies and ideas which at different epochs in our history have provoked the deepest dissension. With the Secretary of the Treasury presiding over a "bank of issue" at Washington, and with a large mass of his political opponents in the South and West sighing, a few months ago, for the unlimited extension of his prerogatives in this direction, it would seem that the old horror of a "United States Bank" has been pretty effectually quelled in the national breast. The only amazing thing is that the men who lately were most anxious to concentrate "the money power" of the country in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury alone should profess such panic fears of the same "money power" when it is distributed between the Secretary and two thousand independent national banks scattered throughout the country!

The movement for a national fiscal agent to be employed in regulating the currency and in managing the finances of the country may be said to have begun in the first Congress of the United States, when on the 9th of August, 1790, the House of Representatives directed Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, "to prepare and report such provisions as, in his opinion, might be necessary for establishing the precise credit." In pursuance of this instruction that great financier made a report on the 14th of December following, and recommended it with a plan for the institution of a national bank. Such a bank as he then contemplated was actually chartered in 1791. By the limit fixed in the original act of incorporation the legal existence of this bank was to cease on the 4th of March, 1811, and before that date the directors sought a renewal of their privileges at the hands of Congress. It was not, however, until 1816 that a Bill was passed for this purpose in such shape as to secure the approval of President Madison. The subsequent struggle of President Jackson against the perpetuation of "the monster" (as he was in the habit of styling the United States Bank) is too well-known to call for narration under this head. But the debates of that period would be most instructive reading to the men who now affect so much claim at "the money-power" which is "incarnated" to-day in the national banks. The same spectre was then conjured up with which to frighten the people from their prosperity, but the strong moral and political forces which are organic in our body politic have at last prevailed over the delusion of financial folly and fanaticism.

THE TRADE NEEDS OF NEW YORK.

THE proposition of the New York Central Railroad Company to establish a line of freight steamers between this city and European ports is hailed with lively satisfaction in commercial circles. By many it is believed that this new enterprise will largely assist in building up the commerce of New York, operating, as it is expected, as a partial offset to the fine terminal facilities of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. We trust sincerely that these pleasant anticipations may be realized; but it is yet to be seen whether the city will reap any real benefit, beyond the port charges which these Vanderbilt steamers may pay from time to time. New York needs something more than the mere chartering of a few ocean steamers by a private corporation to insure a recovery of former prosperity. It is an increase of business, and not of tonnage, which will establish the commercial supremacy of this city, and add to its power and wealth. A few facts will make this clearly apparent.

Ignoring the period covered by the financial panics and general disruption of business, we find that, in the twelve years ending with 1872, the tonnage of vessels which entered American ports from foreign countries increased more than 50 per centum. In proof of this we produce the annexed figures:

Number of tons entered in 1872.....	7,768,106
Number of tons entered in 1860.....	4,999,884
Total increase in tons.....	2,768,222

Of the whole amount of tonnage in 1860, 1,973,812 tons entered the port of New York, and 3,969,339 tons in 1872. It thus appears that, while the ocean tonnage entered at this port more than doubled in the twelve years referred to, the gain at all other ports only aggregated 772,655 tons. It is obvious that at no time during the period named did the commercial interests of this city suffer from a lack of vessel tonnage. But how fared her business interests from 1860 to the close of 1872? The story may be briefly told. In 1860 the whole imports of the country, gold value, amounted to \$362,166,254, of which 64.5 per cent. entered at this port. The entire

imports for 1872 reached a gold valuation of \$640,338,766, of which New York received 65.3 per cent. These figures, official in character, demonstrate conclusively that while the tonnage entering at this port from abroad increased more than 100 per cent., the importations only increased 00.8 per cent.

Again, the exports of the country in 1860 reached \$373,189,274, while in 1872 they were \$549,219,718, both years reckoned in currency. The share of New York was 31.4 per cent. of the whole in 1860, and 49.2 per cent. in 1872, a gain of only 01.4 per cent. per annum. Surely we are justified in asserting that increased trade rather than tonnage is the more important to success at the present time.

It is insisted by some that Mr. Vanderbilt's ocean line will greatly benefit the grain trade of this city. It is to be hoped that it will, for in other days New York has suffered in this direction. Still adhering to the period anterior to the panic, consider the following tables, showing the exports of wheat, wheat flour, and corn, for the years 1862 and 1872, which exhibits plainly the disadvantages under which New York has labored. The exports for 1862 were as follows:

	WHEAT.	FLOUR.	CORN.
	Bushels.	Barrels.	Bushels.
Whole Exports..	37,289,572	4,892,053	18,904,898
From New York.	28,164,879	3,258,467	14,115,962
From other Ports.	9,124,693	1,633,586	4,788,936

The exportation of the foregoing articles for the year 1872 were as subjoined:

	WHEAT.	FLOUR.	CORN.
	Bushels.	Barrels.	Bushels.
Whole Exports..	26,423,080	2,514,535	34,491,610
From New York.	17,889,037	1,138,035	18,331,147
From other Ports.	8,534,053	1,376,500	16,160,503

As compared with 1860, the export of wheat fell off to the extent of 10,866,492 bushels in 1872, of which loss 10,275,842 bushels was at the expense of New York. The flour exports were 2,367,418 barrels less in 1872 than in 1860. The difference to this city was 2,120,432 barrels. The exportation of corn in 1872 exceeded the exportation of the same cereal in 1860 by 15,586,752 bushels. Of this grain only 4,215,567 bushels enured to the benefit of New York, while Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other ports, profited to the extent of 11,371,567 bushels.

As a seaboard city, New York enjoys natural advantages peculiarly her own. But to make these advantages subservient to the creation of wealth they need to be supplemented by improvements demanded alike by the spirit and wants of the times. This is the era of steam, and vast trunk lines stretching across the continent exert an important influence both upon internal and external trade. Only one of these trunk lines has a terminus in this city. Its great rivals come to the shores of the Hudson, and have their present termini in New Jersey. If New York would effectually dispose of all domestic rivalry, and become not only the commercial mistress of America but of the world, her people must utilize the whole of these trunk lines by making a terminus for all of them on this side of the river. To tunnel the Hudson at an expense of ten, twenty, or even one hundred millions of dollars would prove a mere bagatelle when compared with the advantages to be derived from such an undertaking. This, however, is not the only required improvement. Among the pressing necessities of the hour we may mention the further improvement of our wharves and water front, the erection of elevators and of substantial warehouses upon permanent piers, also the construction along a new extension bulkhead line of a double-track railway, for the purpose of furnishing the trunk lines with direct access to elevators, storehouses and vessels lying at our wharves on both the Hudson and East Rivers. These several improvements must be accomplished if New York desires to control the commerce of the Union. It is true that these things will involve expenditure, but the very want of the terminal facilities we have named is costing vast sums of money annually, independent of any loss of trade. The amount of merchandise of all sorts conveyed through our streets and over our wharves, including the shipments of jobbers and manufacturers to the interior, the receipts from other parts of the country, and our exports and imports similarly conveyed, make a yearly aggregate of fully 13,000,000 tons. The cost of handling and carting this tonnage, exclusive of lost time, and losses from damage and theft so frequent under the present system, amounts to no less a sum than \$26,000,000 per annum, which sum equals 6 per cent. on an investment of \$433,000,000.

If New York shall fail to provide the terminal improvements at which we have barely hinted, and otherwise utilize her

great opportunities, the fault will be ours alone if the sceptre of commercial supremacy shall be wrung from our grasp.

THE TENTH FEDERAL CENSUS.

THE Census Bill introduced in the House by Representative Cox, of this city, contains some interesting features. The Superintendent of the Census is to be appointed by the President, the clerical force by the Secretary of the Interior, and one or more Supervisors for each State and Territory, the whole number not to exceed 150, are to be nominated by the Executives of the several States. The work of taking the census is to begin on the 1st day of June, 1880, and must be concluded in a month. In New York and other cities of over ten thousand inhabitants it is to be taken within a fortnight, so as to make it as near a photograph as it can be of the condition of the country. The special expert work is to be done by agents selected by the Superintendent. The Bill provides for the collection, in careful detail, of facts relative to the transactions of railroad corporations, their capital, business, length of lines, debts, the number of acres of land derived from public grant remaining unsold—in short, a complete detailed statement of the affairs of each road, including its business liabilities and assets. Provision is also made for obtaining like information from express, telegraph, life insurance, and fire and marine insurance companies. Mining, manufacturing, agricultural and fishing statistics are likewise provided for. The social statistics shall contain inquiries relating to the public indebtedness of cities, counties and towns, and of the ownership of the public debt of the United States, by whom owned, and the respective amounts, and such additional inquiries respecting the same, as well as respecting public paupers and criminals, as shall be deemed necessary. The cost of the census is limited to \$3,000,000, as against \$3,360,000 expended in 1870. The Bill proposes a subvention to any State or Territory which at the intermediate five years may take a census with similar blanks and schedules and report to the Secretary of the Interior, the Government in such case to pay half the cost, which, in view of the saving of \$360,000 in the decennial census, it can well afford to do. Such a plan would have some obvious advantages. The delays in the publication of the results of the decennial censuses often render them comparatively useless as data for legislators and those interested in social science; but with a system of intervening censuses under direction of the States, this difficulty would be largely obviated, and the statistics gathered would soon acquire an accuracy and coherency vastly increasing their value for all purposes to which they can be applied.

The Bill, as a whole, appears to be an improvement upon those of previous years, especially in its provisions that the more important statistics shall be gathered, largely, by men of experience, and that the enumerators shall be named by the local authorities in each State and Territory. This last provision will make the work as non-partisan as possible; but for that very reason it is to be feared that it will encounter the opposition of the Congressional politicians.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE first month of 1879 has been rendered memorable by an event of the highest importance to Europe and the world at large. This is no less than the establishment, on a positive and durable basis, of the French Republic—a republic at once conservative and progressive, and strong both to master factious opposition at home and to repel attacks from abroad. The elections of January 5th, in more than forty departments, have accomplished the partial renewal of the Senate in such a way as to secure in it a Republican majority of nearly sixty, almost a threefold realization of Gambetta's hopeful prediction of the result. Not only has this issue decided the composition of the French Senate, but it has put an end to the latent discord which had long existed between that body on one side and the Chamber of Deputies and the Cabinet on the other. The Republic will be all the stronger in the hour of its triumphs if its adherents shall maintain the same spirit of moderation and tolerance wherewith they have hitherto surprised, disappointed and baffled its inveterate foes. The latter cannot be expected, even while ostensibly yielding to their inevitable fate, to abandon, immediately, their habitual intrigues to recover their lost hold upon popularity and power. They still have opportunities for mischief left which they will not fail to seize to the detriment of the Republic. Moreover, some Republican extremists will continue to be dissatisfied with the victory of Gambetta and his following, whom they sneer at as "Opportunists" in politics, and will cherish the belief that the safety of the French Republic can never be permanently assured

until there be established in France what they claim Thiers meant by the words *La République Economique*—namely, as Deputy Talandier explains it, a state of society in which not only political but social equality shall reign. But, meanwhile, the superb tranquillity with which France has awaited, since October 20th, the crisis of January 5th and has now passed through it, is a striking proof of the progress achieved by the French democracy in its political education. It shows how well France has learned to govern itself.

Not only the generosity and justice but the growing strength of the French Republic is attested by indications that a day of general amnesty is at hand, and particularly by the full pardon just accorded to twenty-four Communist exiles in New Caledonia for their services against the insurgents in that colony. It is also a creditable sign of an approaching era of good feeling that increasing interest is taken in a society at Paris, the object of which is to find employment for liberated political convicts. This society acts altogether independently of party affiliations. A fine monument to the memory of Berryer, the illustrious Legitimist orator, will somewhat console his surviving friends for the recent defeat which they shared with Orleanists and the remnant of Bonapartists at the Senatorial elections. And Frenchmen of every party must be proud of the successful termination of the threatened difficulties of the French Government with the Bey of Tunis, and of the encouraging prospects of Algeria and of other French colonies in Africa. By-the-way, the unwonted interest which Italy and other Continental Governments, as well as Great Britain, are now taking in schemes for colonizing and civilizing Africa is one of the most remarkable signs of the times.

Both the Parisians and theatre-goers belonging to the various foreign colonies—and especially to the American colony—in the French capital are still nightly flocking to the representations of M. Pailleron's "L'Age Ingrat," at the Gymnase. No small amount of scandal has been occasioned by the fact that the principal heroine of the play is recognized by everybody as a portrait caricature of the eccentric Madame Ratazzi, Princess Bonaparte by birth, whom M. Pailleron thinly enough disguises as an American, although she might pass for a French, English, Italian, or any other but an American woman, notwithstanding the early flirtation which gossip attributes to her with at least one distinguished American diplomatist. M. Pailleron, however, has been deservedly lashed by Parisian critics for exceeding all bounds in aiming to take petty vengeance for having had to pay ten francs two years ago at a charitable entertainment given by Madame Ratazzi, whom M. Gaillardet eulogizes as the incarnation of benevolence. The dramatist, with inconceivable grossness, names her Madame Ratazonille.

Barely space enough is left to allude to the wedding, on January 7th, of that royal old reprobate, the King of Holland, with the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, whom, it is to be hoped, he will treat with more delicate consideration than he used to treat his late amiable and accomplished queen; to the costly gift of jewels which the Berlin shopkeepers are already clubbing together to present to the Emperor and Empress of Germany at their golden wedding on the 11th of next June; to the Belgian princess whom the Spanish newspapers have picked out as the new bride of widowed King Alfonso; to the crowds of mourners who thronged the Pantheon at Rome on the 9th of January, the anniversary of the late King Victor Emmanuel; to the death of Espartero, who, from a wheelwright's son and a student for the priesthood, became a Spanish *grandee* of the first class, Duke of Victory and Regent of Spain, and who might have been King of Spain had he not declined the crown in 1869 on account of his great age and his lack of heirs; to the prolonged financial and industrial troubles in Great Britain; to the Czar's anxieties on account of the refractory university students; and, finally, to the encyclical letter which Pope Leo XIII. has just issued against Socialism.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NEW PLAY.

THE production of Joaquin Miller's new drama, "Mexico," which will take place at the Grand Opera House, New York City, Feb. 10th, promises to become one of the great events of the present dramatic season. The play, based on a story of interest, is full of startling incidents and picturesque situations. Its action is rapid, and its language highly poetic—fully worthy of "the Poet of the Sierras," and the author of the "Danites." The object of the play is to illustrate Mexican and American life during the reign of Maximilian, and introduces several prominent personages of that eventful period. The characters are sharply drawn and skillfully grouped around the heroine of the play, a young, wealthy, ardent and beautiful Mexican lady, devoted to the Empire, and in love with the hero, an American sol-

dier of fortune. The villain is a Mexican general, and the comedy element is represented by an American consul and an Irish emigrant and his sweetheart. The fact that Miss Von Stamwitz, the renowned young tragedienne, the sparkle of whose beauty is only equalled by the brilliancy of her talent, assumes the principal rôle of *Doña Dolores*, will certainly greatly contribute to insure the success of the drama. The play affords excellent opportunities for the display of scenery, and it is understood that the management of the Grand Opera House will mount it in splendid style. A full view of the city of Mexico, with volcanoes in the background and a real waterfall in the great bridge scene of the third act, will be the principal features of the scenic display.

GOVERNOR TALBOT of Massachusetts made a remarkable proposition in his inaugural message. It was that he will surrender a part of his salary, although it cannot be touched by law, if the Legislature can be thereby induced to retrench generally in salaries and other expenditures. Will wonders never cease?

SOME of the financial tinkers at Albany have already renewed the assault upon the State "Resumption Law," which requires taxes to be paid in gold after the 1st of January of the present year, and provides that all contracts thereafter made shall also be paid in gold, unless some other metal or currency is specified in the contract as the medium of payment. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be content to "let well enough alone."

THE internal revenue receipts for the last fiscal year amounted to \$104,660,781, one-half of which was returned by the four States of New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Illinois. The latter State leads all others in the amount of revenue paid, her total being \$19,667,786, nearly five millions in excess of New York, which comes next on the list. The sixteen Southern States pay together twenty-six and one-third millions, or about one-fourth of the revenue, which corresponds nearly with their relative population in the expected aggregate of the next census. The six New England States aggregate \$3,594,682.39, or about one half of the revenue paid by Virginia.

THE United States Supreme Court has just given a decision in a case brought up on appeal from the Courts of Utah, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, must speedily put an end to polygamy. The court holds that polygamy is not shielded by the clause of the Federal Constitution which prohibits interference with religious belief; that the plea of religious conviction is not a valid defense; that Congress did not step outside the limits of its constitutional powers in passing laws for the suppression of polygamy in Utah, and that the judgment of the Superior Court of that Territory sustaining the Congressional Act must be affirmed. Now let the local courts and juries proceed to deal with this abomination as it deserves.

MUCH of the pernicious legislation of Congress in the past has been consummated in the last hours of the session, when, in the prevalent confusion jobs are pushed through without scrutiny, and measures passed of which members are for the most part entirely ignorant. Senator Edmunds proposes to stop this sort of thing by passing a joint resolution that no Bill which shall have passed either House shall be sent to the other after 12 o'clock, midnight, of the 1st of March, and that no Bill or resolution shall be presented to the President of the Senate for signature after 12 o'clock, midnight, of March 2d, and that this resolution, if concurred in, shall not be repealed without a vote of three-fourths of the members present. Thousands, if not millions, of dollars would be saved to the Treasury at every session if that resolution could be made a part of the law of Congress.

THE "wild Irishmen" who compose the Council of Cork have achieved immortality. They refused to extend the hospitalities of the city to General Grant, because, as they allege, he had insulted the Irish people in America by setting up the "No Popery" cry. General Grant has lived a rather conspicuous life, and his deeds have not escaped minute scrutiny during the last fifteen years; but it will be news to the people of this country that he ever said a word or committed an act in the least degree disrespectful to the Roman Catholic or any other religion. The Town Council of Cork have evidently forgotten that two of General Grant's most intimate friends in the army, and the highest officers now in the service, were both Catholics. They forget, too, that in insulting the ex-President they insult the people

whose bounty has more than once fed starving Ireland. It is a gratification to know that the people of Ireland very generally denounce the discourteous and illiberal action of the Corkonian authorities.

RESUMPTION of specie payments has been followed by a marked revival in the re-funding operations of the Government. On January 6th the subscriptions for the four per cents amounted to \$11,093,550, the largest sum ever subscribed for in a single day. A significant feature of these subscriptions was that a large proportion were for bonds of small denominations—showing that persons of moderate means, now that our financial policy is settled, are very largely seeking investments in these securities. Another fact which has special interest in this connection is that, instead of diminishing the stock of coin in the Treasury, as was expected, the resumption of specie payments has increased it. At the close of the first three days of the new régime the coin balance in the Treasury was larger by nearly \$5,000,000 than it was at the opening of business on the 2d, without any increase of customs receipts or other coin revenue. This results from people taking legal-tender notes instead of coin for the interest on their coupons, and asking for legal-tenders in exchange for coin.

It is the fault of a great many public documents that the reader is compelled to wade through a wilderness of verbiage to find a single idea. The inaugural message of Mayor Cooper is a striking exception to this rule. Through and through, it is the document of a business man who carries into official life the business methods which have given him success and fortune. Brief, clear, and direct, every proposition is stated in the fewest words possible, and with a precision that defies misconception. All of the suggestions of the message look to a reduction of expenditure and taxation, the largest possible utilization of the natural resources and advantages of the city, and an efficient, enlightened, and economical administration of the public business. Among other statements of the message, which will command almost universal assent, is the following:

"There are too many city officials, and their salaries are in many instances excessive. To equalize compensations, to get rid of sinecures and unnecessary officials, is a duty demanding immediate attention. Compensations should be adjusted to the character of the labor and responsibilities imposed. Where a discretion is vested in the local authorities, that discretion should be exercised in the interest of the public. Where salaries and offices, needless though they may be, are anchored in provisions of law, legislation alone can bring relief. Where the compensation of present incumbents is protected by the Constitution, provision should be made for reducing the emoluments of their successors. The heavy expenditures involved in the administration of justice in this city form a serious item in the burden of taxation. No good citizen will desire to embarrass the courts by insufficient appropriations, but these expenses can be reduced without detriment to the public service."

It is to be hoped that Mayor Cooper may have the cordial support of the Common Council, and all other branches of the City Government, in the policy which his message so satisfactorily outlines.

In his letter, resigning the position of Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., states very clearly and forcibly the difficulties which surround that position. It is impossible, he says, for any one to discharge satisfactorily the duties of a Government director under the present laws. These duties involve a thorough knowledge of the whole subject of railroad construction and management, the closest and most painstaking attention to detail in the annual inspections of the property in which the Government is so largely interested, and a constant humiliation of the official in the fact that he is at all times the guest of the corporation he is expected to supervise. Mr. Adams says on this point:

"To a person in any way sensitive it is far from pleasant to be the guest of a corporation; to eat and sleep and live at its expense; to accept every possible attention and hospitality from its officers, and meanwhile to keep careful note of every point open to criticism, and when the time comes to speak openly and truthfully, no matter how much what is said may hurt. Neither is it agreeable to do a public duty faithfully and at the same time to accept the money of one who suffers from the performance of the duty even though that one be a corporation. Yet the Government director who does his duty must, under the law as it now stands, either do this or go wholly unpaid. As long as this system continues, it is practically inevitable that services of a purely formal character can only be looked for. The active Government director is at best but an honorable spy."

The report of the Government directors which this letter accompanies, criticizes the management of the Union Pacific as illiberal, especially in the matter of local freights. The directors argue that this road, in view of the extremely liberal aid it has received from the Government and its success as a commercial enterprise, should be judged by the highest standards known to the railroad system of the country, and state that, measured by this standard, its deficiencies are many and apparent. At the same time they say that the property,

instead of deteriorating, is being brought up with steadiness, though slowly, to a fair degree of average excellence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Potter Committee have decided to investigate the cipher telegrams.

THE House of Representatives has rejected the Bill for the relief of the William and Mary College.

It is believed that the Army Reorganization Bill will fail to pass at the present session of Congress.

WISCONSIN has a debt of \$2,500,000, and the value of taxable property in the State is \$1,000,000,000.

THOMAS G. ALVORD was elected Speaker of the New York Assembly for the third time in his life on January 9th.

JUDGE BARRETT has granted an injunction restraining the Tammany Society from initiating 147 newly elected members.

BENJAMIN HUNTER was hanged at Camden, N. J., January 10th, in a bungling manner and while in a comatose state.

THE Teller Committee on Investigation of recent elections is holding open sessions in the Custom House at New Orleans.

BOTH Houses of the Louisiana Legislature suspended business on January 7th to receive the American industrial deputation now en route to Mexico.

In his annual message Mayor Prince of Boston reports the debt of the city to be \$13,192,897.44, exclusive of the water debt which is \$12,911,273.98.

JUDGE HUNT, of the United States Supreme Court, has been stricken with paralysis, and a Bill is to be introduced into Congress to retire him on full pay.

HON. GUSTAVE SCHLEICHER, Member of Congress from Texas, and Chairman of the Committee on Railroads and Canals, died in Washington, January 10th, aged 55.

THE Connecticut Legislature met in joint convention at Hartford, January 9th, and elected the Republican State ticket, headed by Charles B. Andrews for Governor.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania the public debt on December 1st last was \$21,586,200, having been reduced during the fiscal year \$1,068,193.45.

THE annual report of the State Comptroller of New York says there is now no debt upon the State of New York except the canal debt, which, after deducting the sinking funds, amounts to but \$8,008,031.82.

A CONCURRENT resolution to amend the Constitution so as to make the canals free, and another to reduce the salaries of Senators and Assemblymen to \$1,000, have been introduced into the Legislature at Albany.

THE Government has brought suit at San Francisco against the Central Pacific Railroad Company to recover \$10,000 for refusal of defendants to render a statement of their business to the Auditor of Railroad Accounts.

THE Illinois Legislature met January 10th. The Governor's message shows the total balance in the State Treasury to be \$1,991,080; the receipts for the past two years, \$6,659,771; and the disbursements \$6,538,628.

THE House Committee on Education and Labor has made a report condemning Chinese immigration, and favoring the Bill which forbids the master of any vessel to bring more than fifteen Chinamen at one time to the United States, under a penalty of \$100 fine for each passenger and imprisonment for six months.

A BAND of hostile Cheyennes imprisoned at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, who were to be taken back to their agency in the Indian Territory, escaped from the prison room, January 9th, and took to the prairie. The guards immediately started in pursuit, killed forty of the fugitives, and at last accounts a strong cavalry force was searching after the remainder.

Foreign.

GENERAL TODLEBEN has ordered the evacuation of Dobrudja to begin on January 12th.

MEXICO will soon enter the Postal Union, the Senate having approved the regulations.

IN Peru the President has organized a new Cabinet and suppressed an insurrection in the army.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created in London over reports of Lord Beaconsfield's severe indisposition from gout.

THOMAS G. CONYNGHAM, a fugitive forger of Wilkesbarre, Penn., has been arrested in Rio Janeiro, and will be brought home.

THE French Government has given one year's notice of the termination of her treaties of commerce with Austria, with a view of concluding a new one.

TURKEY's Minister of Finance has threatened to resign unless the Council of Ministers immediately takes measures for the relief of the financial difficulty.

THERE are reports that Yakoub Khan is disposed to make friendly arrangements with the British Government. General Stewart is said to have marched through the city of Candahar.

It is announced that the Spanish Government will shortly make a contract for a large amount of Virginia and Kentucky tobacco, the delivery to begin next May and continue until the end of July, 1881.

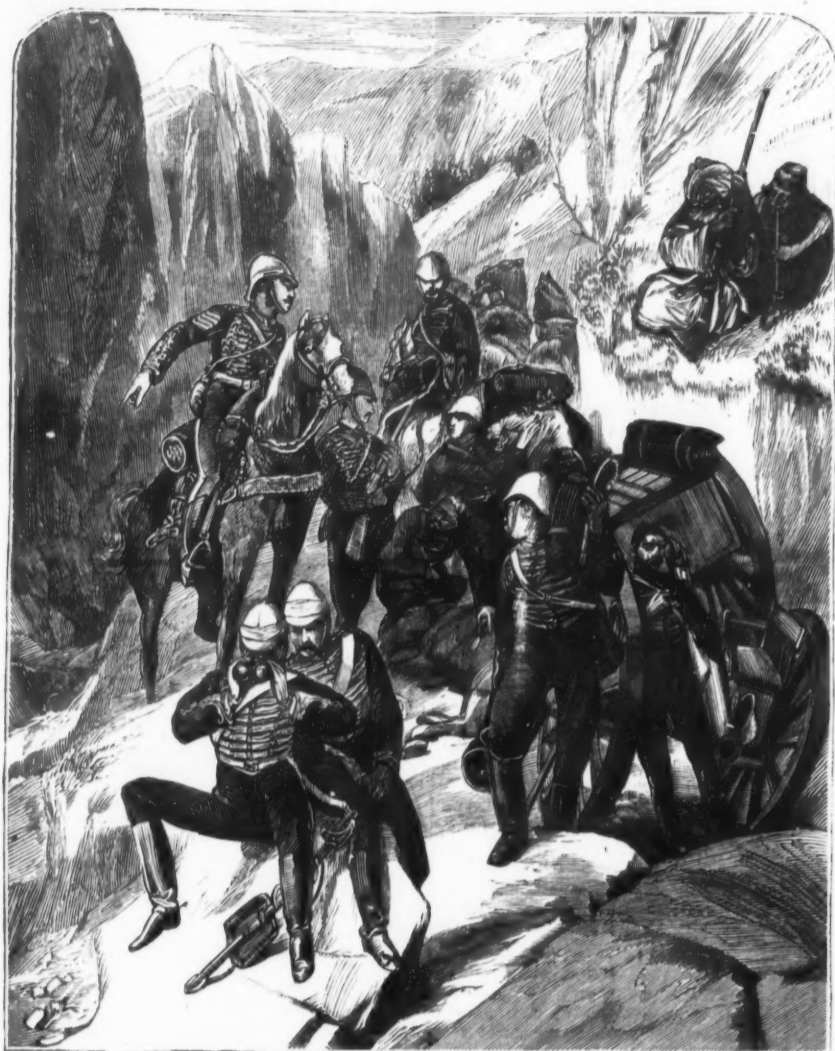
THE library of the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham, England, containing 80,000 volumes, was burned on January 11th. It contained the most complete Shakespearean collection in the world, numbering 8,000 volumes.

THE new French Cable Company has been constituted. The capital is 52,000,000 francs, and the number of shares 84,000. The company proposes to lay two cables, one from Brest to Cape Cod, and the other from Land's End to Nova Scotia—both by the way of St. Pierre.

THE Pope has sent to the Bishops of the Catholic Church a very important encyclical letter, in which he speaks at length of the condition of the Church, the Holy See and society, explains what he has already done and what remains to be done, and calls upon them to combat Socialism, Communism and Internationalism by preaching the principles of the Church.

An outline of Prince Bismarck's Bill providing for Parliamentary discipline is published. It places the power of punishing any member of the Reichstag for language deemed improper, in the hands of a committee composed of the two vice-presidents and ten members, who shall meet at the order of the president, or on motion of twenty members. The punishments which may be inflicted are specified. It has created great excitement in Germany.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 375.



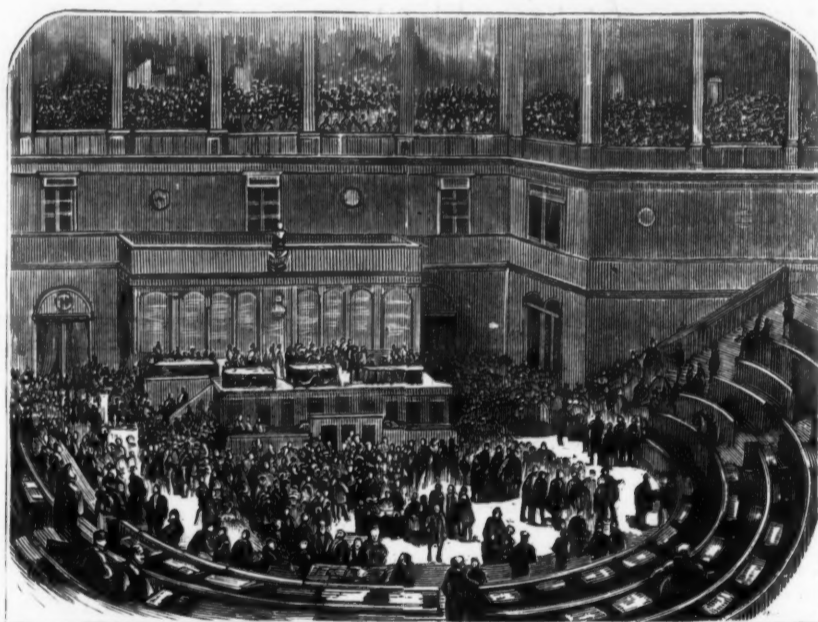
AFGHANISTAN.—THE PENDING WAR—A BATTERY AWAITING THE ELEPHANTS.



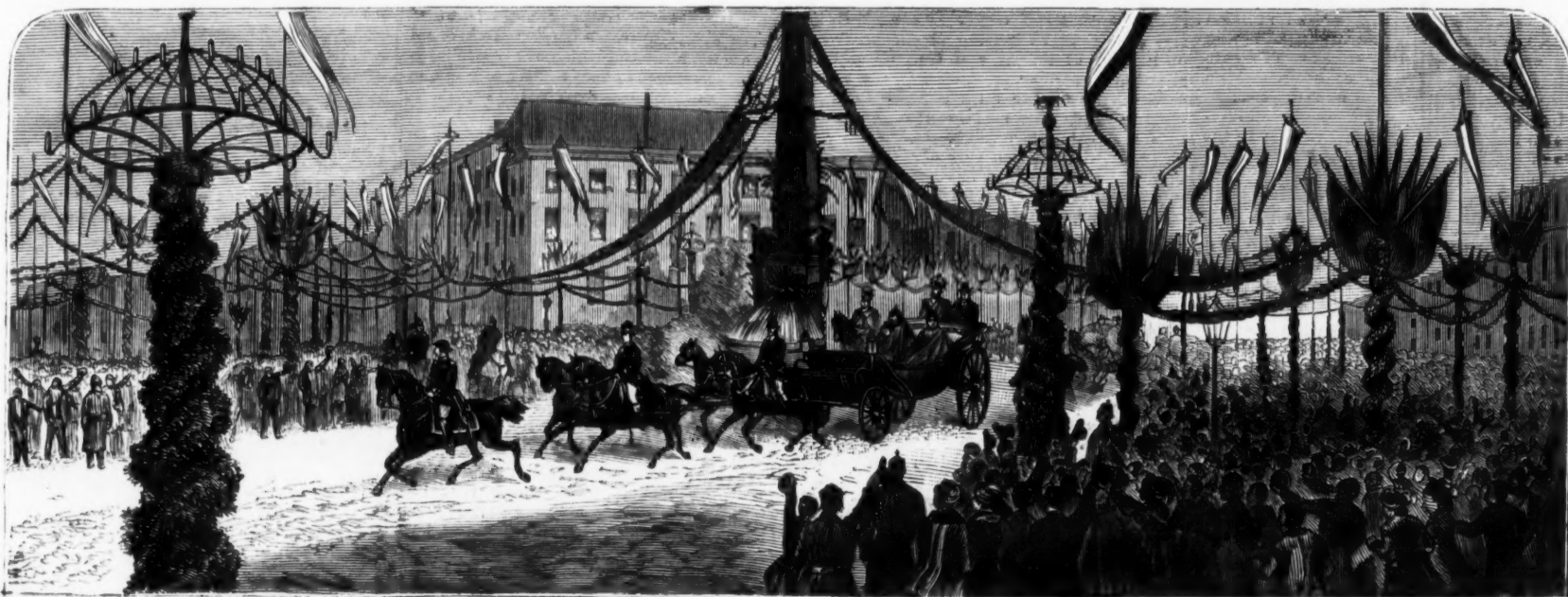
FRANCE.—RESTORED TOMB OF ABELARD AND HELOÏSE AT PÈRE LACHAISE, PARIS.



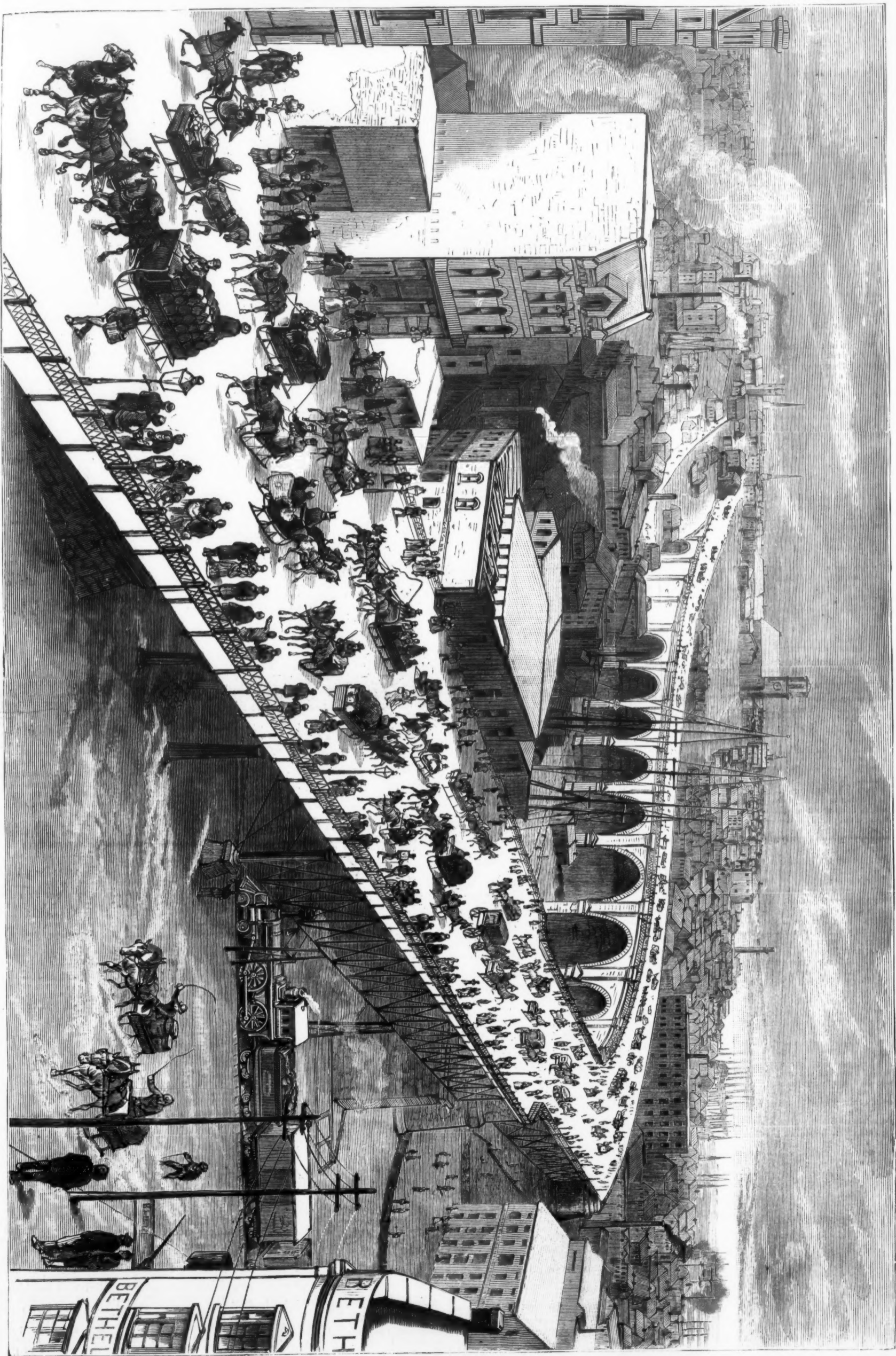
FRANCE.—SCHOOL FOR THE FREE INSTRUCTION OF THE LOWER CLASSES IN DRESSMAKING, PARIS.



ITALY.—THE LATE MINISTERIAL CRISIS—SCENE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, ROME, DECEMBER 11TH.



GERMANY.—RETURN OF THE EMPEROR TO BERLIN AFTER HIS CONVALESCENCE, DECEMBER 5TH.



OHIO.—THE GREAT VIADUCT, 3,211 FEET IN LENGTH, OVER THE CUYAHOGA RIVER, CONNECTING THE EAST AND WEST SIDES OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND. OPENED DECEMBER 27TH, 1878.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 352.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Continued from front page.)

my ignorance, I thought he was the captain. Nothing of the sort. He was the first Socialist I had ever seen; and it was he who had persuaded my father to leave England."

Mr. Hethcote's opinions of Socialists began to show themselves (a little surly) in Mr. Hethcote's smile. "And how did you get on with the benevolent gentleman?" he asked. "After converting your father, did he convert you—with the cake?"

Amelius smiled. "Do him justice, sir, he didn't trust to the cake. He waited till we were in sight of the American land—and then he preached me a little sermon, on our arrival, entirely for my own use."

"A sermon?" Mr. Hethcote repeated. "Very little religion in it, I suspect."

"Very little indeed, sir," Amelius answered. "Only as much religion as there is in the New Testament. I was not quite old enough to understand him easily—so he wrote down his discourse on the fly-leaf of a story-book I had with me, and gave it to me to read when I was tired of the stories. Stories were scarce with me in those days; and, when I had exhausted my little stock, rather than read nothing I read my sermon—read it so often that I think I can remember every word of it now. 'My dear little boy, the Christian religion, as Christ taught it, has long ceased to be the religion of the Christian world. A selfish and cruel pretense is set up in its place. Your own father is one example of the truth of this saying of mine. He has fulfilled the first and foremost duty of a true Christian—the duty of forgiving an injury. For this, he stands disgraced in the estimation of all his friends; they have renounced and abandoned him. He forgives them all, and seeks peace and good company in the New World, among Christians like himself. You will not repent leaving home with him; you will be one of a loving family, and, when you are old enough, you will be free to decide for yourself what your future life shall be.' That was all I knew about the Socialists, when we reached Tadmor after our long journey."

Mr. Hethcote's prejudices made their appearance again. "A barren sort of place," he said, "judging by the name."

"Barren? What can you be thinking of? A prettier place I never saw, and never expect to see again. A clear, winding river, running into a little blue lake. A broad hill-side, all laid out in flower-gardens, and shaded by splendid trees. On the top of the hill, the buildings of the Community, some of brick and some of wood, so covered with creepers and so encircled with verandas that I can't tell you to this day what style of architecture they were built in. More trees behind the houses—and, on the other side of the hill, cornfields—nothing but cornfields rolling away and away in the great yellow plains, till they reached the golden sky and the setting sun, and were seen no more. That was our first view of Tadmor, when the stage-coach dropped us at the town."

Mr. Hethcote still held out. "And what about the people who live in this earthly Paradise?" he asked. "Male and female saints—eh?"

"Oh dear, no sir! The very opposite of saints. They eat and drink like their neighbors. They never think of wearing dirty horsehair when they can get clean linen. And when they are tempted to misconduct themselves, they find a better way out of it than knotting a cord and thrashing their own backs. Saints! They all ran out together to bid us welcome like a lot of schoolchildren; the first thing they did was to kiss us, and the next thing was to give us a mug of wine of their own making. Saints! Oh, Mr. Hethcote, what will you accuse us of being next? I declare your suspicions of the poor Socialists keep cropping up again as fast as I cut them down. May I make a guess, sir, without offending you? From one or two things I have noticed, I strongly suspect you're a British clergyman."

Mr. Hethcote was conquered at last; he burst out laughing. "You have discovered me," he said, "traveling in a colored cravat and a shooting-jacket. I confess I should like to know how."

"It's easily explained, sir. Visitors of all sorts are welcome at Tadmor. We have a large experience of them in the traveling season. They all come with their own private suspicion of us lurking about the corners of their eyes. They see everything we have to show them, and eat and drink at our table, and join in our amusements, and get as pleasant and friendly with us as can be. The time comes to say good-by—and then we find them out. If a guest who has been laughing and enjoying himself all day suddenly becomes serious when he takes his leave, and shows that little lurking devil of suspicion again about the corners of his eyes, it's ten chances to one that he's a clergyman. No offense, Mr. Hethcote! I acknowledge with pleasure that the corners of your eyes are clear again. You're not a very clerical clergyman, sir, after all—I don't despair of converting you, yet!"

"Go on with your story, Amelius. You're the queerest fellow I have met with, for many a long day past."

"I'm a little doubtful about going on with my story, sir. I have told you how I got to Tadmor, and what it looks like, and what sort of people live in the place. If I am to get on beyond that, I must jump to the time when I was old enough to learn the Rules of the Community."

"Well—and what then?"

"Well, Mr. Hethcote, some of the rules might offend you."

"Try!"

"All right, sir. Don't blame me; I'm not ashamed of the rules. And now, if I am to speak, I must speak seriously on a serious subject; I must begin with our religious principles. We find our Christianity in the spirit of the New Testament—not in the letter. We have three good reasons for objecting to pin our faith on the words alone, in that book. First, because we are not sure that the English translation is always to be depended on as accurate and honest. Secondly, because we know that (since the invention of printing) there is not a copy of the book in existence which is free from errors of the press, and that (before the invention of printing) those errors, in manuscript copies, must as a matter of course have been far more serious and far more numerous. Thirdly, because there is plain internal evidence (to say nothing of discoveries actually made in the present day) of interpolations and corruptions, introduced into the manuscript copies as they succeeded each other in ancient times. These drawbacks are of no importance, however, in our estimation. We find, in the spirit of the book, the most simple and most perfect system of religion and morality that humanity has ever received—and with that we are content. To reverence God, and to love our neighbor as ourselves—if we had only these two commandments to guide us, we should have enough. The whole collection of Doctrines (as they are called), we reject at once, without even stopping to discuss them. We apply to them the test suggested by Christ Himself; by their fruits ye shall know them. The fruits of Doctrines, in the past (to quote three instances only), have been the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Thirty Years' War—and the fruits, in the present, are dissension, bigotry and opposition to useful reforms. Away with Doctrines! In the interests of Christianity, away with them! We are to love our enemies; we are to forgive injuries; we are to help the needy; we are to be pitiful and courteous, slow to judge others, ashamed to exalt ourselves. That teaching doesn't lead to tortures, massacres, and wars; to envy, hatred and malice, and for that reason it stands revealed to us as the teaching that we can trust. There is our religion, sir, as we find it in the Rules of the Community."

"Very well, Amelius. I notice, in passing, that the Community is in one respect like the Pope—the Community is infallible. We won't dwell on that. You have stated your principles. As to the application of them next? Nobody has a right to be rich among you, of course?"

"Put it the other way, Mr. Hethcote. All men have a right to be rich—provided they don't make other people poor, as a part of the process. We don't trouble ourselves much about money; that's the truth. We are farmers, carpenters, weavers, and printers; and what we earn (ask our neighbors if we don't earn it honestly) goes into the common fund. A man who comes to us with money puts it into the fund, and so makes things easy for the next man who comes with empty pockets. While they are with us, they all live in the same comfort, and have their equal share in the same profits—deducting the sum in reserve for sudden calls and bad times. If they leave us, the man who has brought money with him has his undisputed right to take it away again; and the man who has brought none bids us good-by, all the richer for his equal share in the profits which he has personally earned. The only fuss at our place about money that I can remember was the fuss about my five hundred a year. I wanted to hand it over to the fund. It was my own, mind—inherited from my mother's property, on my becoming of age. The Elders wouldn't hear of it; the Council wouldn't hear of it; the general vote of the Community wouldn't hear of it. 'We agreed with his father that he should decide for himself, when he grew to manhood'—that was how they put it. 'Let him go back to the Old World; and let him be free to choose, by the test of his own experience, what his future life shall be.' How do you think it will end, Mr. Hethcote? Shall I return to the Community? Or shall I stop in London?"

Mr. Hethcote answered, without a moment's hesitation, "You will stop in London."

"I'll bet you two to one, sir, he goes back to the Community."

In those words, a third voice (speaking in strong New England accent) insinuated itself into the conversation from behind. Amelius and Mr. Hethcote, looking round, discovered a long, lean, grave stranger—with his face overshadowed by a huge felt hat. "Have you been listening to our conversation?" Mr. Hethcote asked, haughtily.

"I have been listening," answered the grave stranger, "with considerable interest. This young man, I find, opens a new chapter to me in the book of humanity. Do you accept my bet, sir? My name is Rufus Dingwell; and my home is at Coolspring, Massachusetts. You do not bet? I express my regret, and have the pleasure of taking a seat alongside of you. What is your name, sir? Hethcote? We have one of that name at Coolspring. He is much respected. Mr. Claude A. Goldenheart, you are no stranger to me—no sir. I procured your name from the steward, when a little difficulty occurred just now about the bird. Your name considerably surprised me."

"Why?" Amelius asked.

"Well, sir—not to say that your surname (being Goldenheart) reminds one unexpectedly of the Pilgrim's Progress—I happen to be already acquainted with you. By reputation."

Amelius looked puzzled. "By reputation?" he said. "What does that mean?"

"It means, sir, that you occupy a prominent position in a recent number of our popular journal, entitled *The Coolspring Democrat*. The

late romantic incident which caused the withdrawal of Miss Mellicent from your Community has produced a species of social commotion at Coolspring. Among our ladies, the tone of sentiment, sir, is universally favorable to You. When I left, I do assure you, you were a popular character among us. The name of Claude A. Goldenheart was, so to speak, in everybody's mouth."

Amelius listened to this, with the color suddenly deepening on his face, and with every appearance of heartfelt annoyance and regret. "There is no such thing as keeping a secret in America," he said, irritably. "Some spy must have got among us; none of our people would have exposed the poor lady to public comment. How would you like it, Mr. Dingwell, if the newspaper published the private sorrows of your wife or your daughter?"

Rufus Dingwell answered with the straightforward sincerity of feeling which is one of the indisputable virtues of his nation. "I had not thought of it in that light, sir," he said. "You have been good enough to credit me with a wife or a daughter. I do not possess either of those ladies; but your argument hits me, notwithstanding—hits me hard, I tell you." He looked at Mr. Hethcote, who sat silently and stiffly disapproving of all this familiarity, and applied himself in perfect innocence and good-faith to making things pleasant in that quarter. "You are a stranger, sir," said Rufus; "and you will doubtless wish to peruse the article which is the subject of conversation?" He took a newspaper slip from his pocket-book, and offered it to the astonished Englishman. "I shall be glad to hear your sentiments, sir, on the view propounded by our mutual friend, Claude A. Goldenheart."

Before Mr. Hethcote could reply, Amelius interposed in his own headlong way. "Give it to me! I want to read it first!"

He snatched at the newspaper slip. Rufus checked him with grave composure. "I am of a cool temperament myself, sir; but that don't prevent me from admiring heat in others. Short of boiling point—mind that!" With this hint, the wise New-Englander permitted Amelius to take possession of the printed slip.

Mr. Hethcote, finding an opportunity of saying a word at last, asserted himself a little haughtily. "I beg you will both of you understand that I decline to read anything which relates to another person's private affairs." Neither the one nor the other of his companions paid the slightest heed to this announcement. Amelius was reading the newspaper extract, and placid Rufus was watching him. In another moment, he crumpled up the slip, and threw it indignantly on the deck.

"It's as full of lies as it can hold!" he burst out.

"It's all over the United States by this time," Rufus remarked. "And I don't doubt we shall find the English papers have copied it, when we get to Liverpool. If you will take my advice, sir, you will cultivate a sagacious insensibility to the comments of the press."

"Do you think I care for myself?" Amelius asked, indignantly. "It's the poor woman I am thinking of. What can I do to clear her character?"

"Well, sir," suggested Rufus, "in your place, I should have a notification circulated through the ship, announcing a lecture on the subject (weather permitting) in the course of the afternoon. That's the way we should do it at Coolspring."

Amelius listened without conviction. "It's certainly useless to make a secret of the matter now," he said; "but I don't see my way to making it more public still." He paused, and looked at Mr. Hethcote. "It so happens, sir," he resumed, "that this unfortunate affair is an example of some of the Rules of our Community which I had not time to speak of, when Mr. Dingwell here joined us. It will be a relief to me to contradict these abominable falsehoods to somebody; and I should like (if you don't mind) to hear what you think of my conduct from your own point of view. It might prepare me," he added, smiling rather uneasily, "for what I may find in the English newspapers."

With these words of introduction he told his sad story—jocosely described in the newspaper heading as "Miss Mellicent and Goldenheart among the Socialists at Tadmor."

CHAPTER III.

"NEARLY six months since," said Amelius, "we had notice by letter of the arrival of an unmarried English lady, who wished to become a member of our Community. You will understand my motive in keeping her family name a secret; even the newspaper has grace enough only to mention her by her Christian name. I don't want to cheat you out of your interest, so I will own at once that Miss Mellicent was not beautiful, and not young. When she came to us, she was thirty-eight years old, and time and trial had set their marks on her face, plainly enough for anybody to see. Notwithstanding this, we all thought her an interesting woman. It might have been the sweetness of her voice; or perhaps it was something in her expression—a sort of patience and kindness that seemed to blame nobody and to expect nothing—that took our fancy. There! I can't explain it; I can only say there were young women and pretty women at Tadmor who failed to win us as Miss Mellicent did. Contradictory enough, isn't it?"

Mr. Hethcote said he understood the contradiction. Rufus put an appropriate question: "Do you possess a photograph of this lady, sir?"

"No," said Amelius; "I wish I did. Well, we received her, on her arrival, in the common room—called so because we all assemble there every evening, when the work of the day is done. Sometimes we have the reading of a poem or novel; sometimes music, or

dancing, or cards, or billiards, to amuse us. When a new member arrives, we have the ceremonies of introduction. I was close by the Elder Brother (that's the name we give to the chief of the Community) when two of the women led Miss Mellicent in. He's a hearty old fellow, who lived the first part of his life on his own clearing in one of the Western forests. To this day, he can't talk long without showing, in one way or another, that his old familiarity with the trees still keeps its place in his memory. He looked hard at Miss Mellicent, under his shaggy old white eyebrows; and I heard him whisper to himself, 'Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!' I knew what he meant. The people who have drawn blanks in the lottery of life—the people who have toiled hard after happiness, and have gathered nothing but disappointment and sorrow; the friendless and the lonely, the wounded and the lost—these are the people whom our good Elder Brother calls The Fallen Leaves. I like the saying myself; it's a tender way of speaking of our poor fellow-creatures who are down in the world."

He paused for a moment, looking out thoughtfully over the vast void of sea and sky. A passing shadow of sadness clouded his bright young face. The two elder men looked at him in silence; feeling (in widely different ways) the same compassionate interest. What was the life that lay before him? And—God help him!—what would he do with it?

"Where did I leave off?" he asked, rousing himself suddenly.

"You left Miss Mellicent, sir, in the Common Room—the venerable citizen with the white eyebrows being suitably engaged in moralizing on her." In those terms the ever-ready Rufus set the story going again.

"Quite right," Amelius resumed. "There she was, poor thing; a little, thin, timid creature, in a white dress, with a black scarf over her shoulders, trembling and wondering in a room full of strangers. The Elder Brother took her by the hand, and kissed her on the forehead, and bade her heartily welcome in the name of the Community. Then the women followed his example, and the men all shook hands with her. And then our chief put the three questions, which he is bound to address to all new arrivals when they first join us. 'Do you come here of your own free will? Do you bring with you a written recommendation from one of our brethren, which satisfies us that we do no wrong to ourselves or to others in receiving you? Do you understand that you are not bound to us by vows, and that you are free to leave us again if the life here is not agreeable to you?' Matters being settled so far, the reading of the rules, and the penalties imposed for breaking them, came next. Some of the rules you know already; others of smaller importance I needn't trouble you with. As for the penalties, if you incur the lighter ones, you are subject to public rebuke or to isolation for a time from the social life of the Community. If you incur the heavier ones, you are either sent out into the world again for a given period, to return or not as you please; or you are struck off the list of members, and expelled for good and all. Suppose these preliminaries agreed to by Miss Mellicent with silent submission, and let us go on to the close of the ceremony—the reading of the Rules which settle the questions of Love and Marriage."

"Aha!" said Mr. Hethcote, "we are coming to the difficulties of the Community at last?"

"Are we also coming to Miss Mellicent, sir?" Rufus inquired. "As a citizen of a free country in which I can love in one State, marry in another, and be divorced in a third, I am not interested in your Rules—I am interested in your Lady."

"The two are inseparable in this case," Amelius answered, gravely. "If I am to speak of Miss Mellicent, I must speak of the Rules; you will soon see why. Our Community becomes a despotism, gentlemen, in dealing with love and marriage. For example, it positively prohibits any member afflicted with hereditary disease from marrying at all; and it reserves to itself, in the case of every proposed marriage among us, the right of permitting or forbidding it, in council. We can't even fall in love with each other, without being bound, under penalties, to report it to the Elder Brother; who, in his turn communicates it to the monthly council; who, in their turn, decide whether the courtship may go on or not. That's not the worst of it, even yet! In some cases—where we haven't the slightest intention of falling in love with each other—the governing body takes the initiative. 'You two will do well to marry; we see it, if you don't. Just think of it, will you?' You may laugh; some of our happiest marriages have been made in that way. Our governors in council act on an established principle; here it is in a nutshell. The results of experience in the matter of marriage, all over the world, show that a really wise choice of a husband or a wife is an exception to the rule; and that husbands and wives in general would be happier together if their marriages were managed for them by competent advisers on either side. Laws laid down on such lines as these, and others equally strict, which I have not mentioned yet, were not put in force, Mr. Hethcote, as you suppose, without serious difficulties—difficulties which threatened the very existence of the Community. But that was before my time. When I grew up, I found the husbands and wives about me content to acknowledge that the Rules fulfilled the purpose with which they had been made—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It all looks very absurd, I dare say, from your point of view. But these queer regulations of ours answer the Christian test—by their fruits ye shall know them. Our married people don't live on separate sides of the house; our children are all healthy; wife

beating is unknown among us; and the practice in our divorce court wouldn't keep the most moderate lawyer on bread and cheese. Can you say as much for the success of the marriage laws in Europe? I leave you, gentlemen, to form your own opinions."

Mr. Hethcote declined to express an opinion. Rufus declined to resign his interest in the lady. "And what did Miss Mellicent say to it?" he inquired.

"She said something that startled us all," Amelius replied. "When the Elder Brother began to read the first words relating to love and marriage in the Book of Rules, she turned deadly pale; and rose up in her place with a sudden burst of courage or desperation—I don't know which. 'Must you read that to me?' she asked. 'I have nothing to do, sir, with love or marriage.' The Elder Brother laid aside his Book of Rules. 'If you are afflicted with an hereditary malady,' he said, 'the doctor from the town will examine you, and report to us.' She answered, 'I have no hereditary malady.' The Elder Brother took up his book again. 'In due course of time, my dear, the Council will decide for you, whether you are to love and marry or not.' And he read the Rules. She sat down again, and hid her face in her hands, and never moved or spoke until he had done. The regular questions followed. Had she anything to say, in the way of objection? Nothing! In that case, would she sign the Rules? Yes! The time came for supper and music. She excused herself like a child. 'I feel very tired; may I go to bed?' The unmarried women in the same dormitory with her anticipated some romantic confession when she grew used to her new friends. They proved to be wrong. 'My life has been one long disappointment,' was all she said. 'You will do me a kindness if you will take me as I am, and not ask me to talk about myself? There was nothing sulky or ungracious in the expression of her wish to keep her own secret. A kinder and sweeter woman—never thinking of herself; always considerate of others—never lived. An accidental discovery made me her chief friend among the men: it turned out that her childhood had been passed, where my childhood had been passed, at Shedfield Heath, in Buckinghamshire. She was never weary of consulting my boyish recollections, and comparing them with her own. 'I love the place,' she used to say; 'the only happy time of my life was the time passed there.' On my sacred word of honor, this was the sort of talk that passed between us, week after week. What other talk could pass between a man whose one-and-twentieth birthday was then near at hand, and a woman who was close on forty? What could I do, when the poor, broken, disappointed creature met me on the hill or by the river, and said, 'You are going out for a walk; may I come with you?' I never attempted to intrude myself into her confidence; I never even asked her why she had joined the Community. You see what is coming, don't you? I never saw it. I didn't know what it meant, when some of the younger women, meeting us together, looked at me (not at her), and smiled maliciously. My stupid eyes were opened at last by the woman who slept in the next bed to her in the dormitory—a woman old enough to be my mother, who took care of me when I was a child at Tadmor. She stopped me one morning, on my way to fish in the river. 'Amelius,' she said, 'don't go to the fishing-house; Mellicent is waiting for you.' I stared at her in astonishment. She held up her finger at me: 'Take care, you foolish boy! You are drifting into a false position as fast as you can. Have you no suspicion of what is going on?' I looked all round me, in search of what was going on. Nothing out of the common was to be seen anywhere. 'What can you possibly mean?' I asked. 'You will only laugh at me, if I tell you,' she said. I promised not to laugh. She, too, looked all round her, as if she was afraid of somebody being near enough to hear us; and then she let out the secret. 'Amelius, ask for a holiday—and leave us for a while. Mellicent is in love with you.'"

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

THE RECEPTION IN HONOR OF ITS OPENING.

THE reception in celebration of the opening of the new Capitol at Albany, on the evening of January 7th, was an occasion of great brilliance and interest. At least 10,000 persons visited and inspected the magnificent building during the evening, including a large number of the most prominent officials and citizens of this and other States. Upon entering, the visitors were ushered into the cloak-rooms, whence they ascended the principal staircase, made brilliant with lights, into the Court of Appeal-corridor, the splendor of its carmine and gold relieved by boxes of great green-leaved plants which filled the embrasures of the windows. This was the dancing hall for this reception, and its ample and unobstructed floor of 150 feet long fitted it admirably for the purpose. The musicians were placed at one end, and the lookers-on found scanty standing room at the other. In the Governor's Room, which opens upon this corridor, were the reception committee, headed by the Mayor of Albany and composed of its first citizens, waiting to welcome the guests of the city. From here, by another door leading into a smaller corridor, the guests passed out, without jostling or interference, and took their way to the Court of Appeals, occupied as the Senate Chamber. The decoration of this room, the great oaken beams of the ceiling and the heavy oaken wainscoting, deepened with solid reds and unrelieved by gold, is of a more sombre richness, and needs the flood of light which is secured to it by day to be seen to the best advantage. Beyond this again the stream of sightseers poured, went on into the room of the Lieutenant-Governor, a vaulted chamber decorated in green and gold, and thence, returning to the grand stairway, passed up the three flights to the galleries of the Assembly Chamber. It had been intended to try the electric light in this room, but the fear of failure was too

great. As it was, the room was the most brilliant show which Albany has ever seen, perhaps the most brilliant of its kind which has ever been seen in this country. Numerous temporary brackets, upholding no end of gas jets, shed a flood of light upon the frescoed walls and sparkled among the gilded tracery of the vaulted ceiling with fine effect. It was not the beauty of the Chamber itself, however, that made every promenade tarry, but the galaxy of beauty with which it was set off. The semicircular rows of seats sparkled with rows of ladies in all the glory of full toilet. Every seat was taken by the fair ones, and their gloves, fans or opera cloaks ornamented the desks usually devoted to the storage of documents with red tape ties. Close at hand stood the gallant escorts of the ladies, ready to do their bidding. A bevy of young girls had taken possession of the Speaker's elevated position, and were using it as an observatory from which to spy out and signal to their friends upon the floor. The galleries were filled mostly with ladies and gentlemen of more advanced years, who preferred to look on at a distance. Music was furnished by Gilmore's Band. One of the most interesting and pathetic sights was that of Thurlow Weed, who sat nearly the whole evening through in the stenographer's chair in front of the Clerk's desk, and doubtless thought, as most who looked upon him did, that the sceptre had passed from him with the abandonment of that old Capitol within which, for more than half its long history, he had exercised almost an unbroken sway. Governor Robinson arrived at about 9:30 o'clock with the members of his military staff, whose uniforms lent their share to the picturesqueness of the scene. Though neither of the Senators of the State was present, Postmaster-General Key represented the Federal Government, and among others present were ex-Governor Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman, President Barnard, of Columbia College, Chief Judge Church, Judge Andrews and Judge Miller of the Court of Appeals, with the ladies of their families, Collector Merritt; General Daniel E. Sickles, General Harney, U. S. A., General Henry W. Slocum, General H. A. Barnum, General J. R. Hawley, General McQuade, Elliot C. Cowdin; ex-Secretaries of State Homer A. Nelson and G. Hilton Scribner; Chauncey M. Depew and David Dudley Field. There was a large party from Boston, among whom were Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Charles Eliot Norton. Every prominent point in the State had its representatives except Buffalo. The legal profession, the literary profession, the clergy, the mercantile, banking and manufacturing interests, the education and the agriculture of the State were all represented, and by their real representatives.

A supper-room was established in a tent raised in the court, and was densely thronged. Three tables, each something less than one hundred feet long, were laid in the most tasteful manner. Among the decorations on each of the two side tables stood a monster floral vase six feet high, copied after the antique in shape, and composed almost wholly of camellias. On the middle table the most striking piece was an enormous game patty, surmounted with a cooked pheasant, the wings and feathers of which had been restored, so that it seemed about to fly.

The occasion was one which will long be remembered by all who participated in it.

TEMPORARY CHAMBERS OF THE STATE SENATE.

In a previous issue we have given a description of the grand Assembly Chamber and paintings. During this session the Senate will occupy the chambers designed for the Court of Appeals, which are on the first floor of the building. The corridor, which is 140 feet by about 20, opens on the Central Court, from which it is lighted by seven large windows. In point of decoration it is perhaps the most successful, and certainly the most sumptuous, piece of work in the building. It is divided into bays by transverse arches, and the ceiling of each bay is a groined arch in brick, plastered. The floor is covered with encaustic tiles, and the walls are wainscoted with the same material framed in sandstone. The faces of the piers and arches are red, with the moldings at the angle gilded. The walls have a ground of red, carrying an ornament of yellow framed in gold, and the ceiling is decorated with blue, red and amber on a ground of gold. The ornament is minute, and the "tone" of the place is produced, as in Oriental work, by the combination in small quantities of positive colors. The effect of the room will be cooled as well as heightened by the green of growing plants, a box of which will be placed in each of the windows. The subordinate rooms on this floor, which are to serve as committee-rooms, are for the most part colored with plain tints. One, however, which was prepared for the temporary use of the Governor, is more elaborately treated. The walls are covered with deep tints, the upper belt filled with geometrical ornament; an iron girder which traverses the ceiling is solidly gilded, the iron beams which carry the brick arches of the ceiling are gilded also, and the arches are covered with a damask of blue upon blue.

The Court of Appeals, this Winter to be the Senate Chamber, is about sixty feet square and twenty-five high. It is divided, however, into the court room proper, which occupies about two-thirds of its area, and the space allotted for spectators, which takes up the other third. The division is effected by a line of polished granite columns bearing an arched marble wall. The room is lighted on the north side by three windows, and the bench will be at the north end where the desk used by the Lieutenant-Governor in the old Capitol has been temporarily erected. The division of the room has given it a much more agreeable form than it otherwise would have had, and the disposition of the parts greatly helps the effect of it. The walls are wainscoted in sandstone, and the wall-screen for ten or twelve feet above this is paneled in unvarnished oak, which already begins to look rich and mellow, and will grow richer and mellow with time. The panels are filled with carving in diaper, and the walls over the screen are painted in diaper upon a ground of red. The ceiling is very deeply paneled in oak, and carried upon a system of beams and braces, the beams diminishing in size from the great girders, supported by braces, which rest upon the wall over the columns. The panels are carved in foliage. Even as it is, without its fittings or its furniture, the court-room has the character of dignity, retirement and sober richness which should belong to such a place.

The Romantic Career of a Pennsylvania Boy.

NEARLY forty years ago, in South Huntington township, Westmoreland, Pa., lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude and uneducated, and had wandered there from the neighborhood of Masontown, Fayette County. With no known relatives, he was kicked about from one family to another till manhood. Enlisting then in the regular army, he served in the Florida war. At its close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian Territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel

bound for the East Indies. At the city of Madras, on the western shores of the Bay of Bengal, he deserted, and enlisted in a British regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the Governor-general himself. He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi westward across the Indus River, through Afghanistan and Persia, to Turkey and back. In time, from trading, he became immensely wealthy and was the owner of five caravans, containing over 13,000 horses and camels, and fifty elephants. In 1864 he visited Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper, great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the Ameer, and he was invited to an audience—an honor never before received by a Christian. A present of a 100 of his best horses and a three-tusked elephant made the Ameer his eternal friend. When yearly it was followed by similar presents, besides camels and merchandise, John Hinton had the monopoly of trade from the summits of the Hindoo Koosh Mountains to the confines of Belochistan, and in real power was second only to the Ameer himself. About 1870 he was made military commander of the district of Herat, and in 1776 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his sovereign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America, and among the superstitious natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and resources, together with his years of service as the idolized commander of the Mohammedan tribal armies of Afghanistan, amounting to tens of thousands of half-civilized men, he is to-day the ablest soldier of Asia. Desperate from a knowledge of the studied diplomatic chicanery of the representatives of the Empress of India, with whom from fear of treachery he refuses to treat, as well as the Ameer, bribed with millions of Russian roubles, he will lead the armies of the followers of the Prophet to victory or to death.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Waiting for the Elephants.

This sketch depicts some of the difficulties the British troops have to encounter in their march forward into Afghanistan. The country is exceedingly rugged throughout, and the best roads consist of mere mountain paths or the beds of dried-up torrents, so that the transport of artillery by simple horse power is a task of considerable difficulty, and frequently of utter impossibility. In our sketch a desperate effort has been made to get some field guns through a narrow defile, but the attempt has hopelessly failed, and a messenger has been sent to the rear to hasten forward the elephants—those valuable monsters whose traction powers are almost priceless in the present campaign.

Free Instruction in Dressmaking in Paris.

M. J. Ferry, the Mayor of the Ninth Arrondissement, Paris, has recently organized a course of instruction in the schoolrooms of the town-hall, which has for its object the spreading of the true principles of dressmaking among the lower and middle classes of Paris. The instruction is gratuitous, and is given every Friday from five to six o'clock in the afternoon. To be admitted it is only necessary for the scholar to sign her name in the Ninth Arrondissement; and already there are about 130 signatures, and a regular attendance of from 60 to 70 every week. The scholars are both women and young girls, of fifteen years and upwards. They are divided into two degrees; the first a lower degree, receiving instruction at the blackboard, upon which they describe the indications of height, breadth, length, etc., under the direction of a teacher. After these lessons are repeated a number of times for each garment, they become fixed in the mind of the pupil, who must be able to take, without hesitation and in the proper order, all the measures necessary for any garment. When a sufficient degree of experience has been acquired the pupil is advanced to the second grade, and cut patterns, which are critically examined and corrected by the teacher. It is only after a certain degree of dexterity is acquired that the pupil is given a piece of cloth to cut according to the pattern, and then when the different pieces are basted together the defects are detected and remedied. The course of instruction lasts for ten months, from October to the following August. It is under the direction of Madame Grandhomme herself, the author of a system of dress-cutting. The salaries of the teachers and all the expenses of the school are paid out of the funds of the school treasury.

Restored Tomb of Abelard and Heloise.

Tourists to Paris will find renewed interest in the ever-romantic history of Abelard and Heloise, in consequence of the recent restoration of the celebrated tomb. Abelard dying first, was buried by Heloise at the Abbey of the Paraclete, of which she was abbess, and upon her death the remains of the lovers were not separated. In 1792 the Paraclete was sold and the bodies were removed to the church of Nogent-sur-Seine. Eight years later they were exhumed and placed in the garden of the Musée Français in Paris, and in 1817 were deposited in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, beneath a canopy which had been erected over the remains of Abelard at the priory of St. Marcel, shortly after his death in 1142. The reclining statues were made from casts taken from the skulls. It is scarcely possible that one out of ten pleasure travelers has visited Paris since 1817 without making a pilgrimage to the celebrated tomb. In its restored condition it will be more attractive than ever.

The Late Ministerial Crisis in Italy.

On the 11th of December last the Italian Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 257 to 185, rejected an order of the day expressing confidence in the ability of the Government to maintain order with liberty. The ministry resigned, and the King asked Signor Carli, who had saved his life when the attempt to assassinate him was made in Naples, to form another Cabinet. The President of the Council, after several ineffectual efforts, reported his inability to harmonize the conflicting political elements, when the King bade Signor Depretis, ex-President of the Council, undertake the task. On the 17th he succeeded in completing a new Cabinet, drawing the members exclusively from the left. The new ministry consists of Signor Depretis, President of the Council, Minister of the Interior and Minister of Foreign Affairs; *ad interim*; Signor Talamo, Minister of Justice; General Mazé de la Roche, Minister of War; Admiral Ferraci, Minister of Marine; Signor Mezzanotte, Minister of Public Works; Signor Magliani, Minister of Finance; Signor Coppino, Minister of Public Instruction; and Signor Majorana-Calatabiano, Minister of Agriculture.

Return of the Emperor to Berlin.

On Thursday, December 5th, the Emperor William and Empress Augusta, returned in state to the royal palace in Berlin, after his Majesty's convalescence. The route from the railway station was densely crowded with people who gave them an enthusiastic reception. The trades societies and public bodies generally paraded past the palace, and their Majesties, in response to the acclamations of the multitude, appeared on the balconies of the palace and bowed their thanks.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Hungarian deficit for 1879 is estimated at 22,802,398 florins.

—THE public schools at Mitchell, Ind., have been dismissed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever.

—THE French Consul at Tunis has received telegraphic orders to demand the requisite satisfaction from the Bey.

—THE annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, January 7th, realized \$40,721, being \$3,817 in excess of last year's receipts.

—THE Japan Mail states that an astronomical observatory is to be established within the precincts of the Geographical Bureau of Tokio.

—DIPHTHERIA is raging at Vienna and in some districts of Hungary. In one town of 20,000 souls 2,135 cases and 927 deaths are reported.

—THE Liverpool authorities will apply for the right to produce and supply light by means of electricity, to the exclusion of all other persons or corporations.

—THE State line steamship *State of Louisiana*, from Glasgow for New York, which went ashore in Lough Larnie on December 24th, went to pieces on January 4th.

—INDIANA's school fund amounts to \$9,000,000, and \$4,000,000 are given every year by the people to keep up the schools, while the school property is valued at \$12,000,000.

—IN the State of Bolivia an experimental survey is being made by an American engineer, Mr. Scherzer, of Pennsylvania, for a railway to tap the balsam districts above Tolu.

—THE number of condemnations for crimes in Prussia is steadily increasing. In 1873 there were 11,692 convictions; in 1874, 12,844; in 1875, 12,126; in 1876, 13,197; and in 1877, 14,849.

—FEMALE artists are invading the domain of art in France in formidable numbers. In 1874 there were 286 female exhibitors at the Salon; there were 312 in 1875, 446 in 1876, 648 in 1877, and 762 in 1878.

—THE total annual consumption of cotton in Great Britain is about 1,250,000,000 pounds. About one-fifth of this quantity is worked into goods suitable for home consumption; the remaining four-fifths are converted into goods suitable for export.

—THE Consul at Wurtemberg calculates that Americans spend \$100,000,000 annually in Europe, their average stay being two years. There are 7,000 students scattered over the Continent; 500 at Stuttgart, 500 in Hanover, 1,900 in Paris, 700 in London.

—THE plague at Astrakhan is assuming serious proportions. Fugitives have carried the contagion to three adjacent villages. Quarantine has been proclaimed throughout the district of Enotalevsk. There have been 400 deaths from the disease up to January 4th.

—THE Hoodlum fraternity of San Francisco dates from 1862, and now comprises some six hundred members, composed chiefly of half-grown boys. All are not criminals, but the leaders are as a rule. They have a regular system of passwords and signals, and a slang dialect, which is, however, sparingly used, lest the police acquire its terms.

—THE ax given to Mr. Gladstone on his sixtieth birthday is an exact copy of the American ax he uses in his woodcraft. The head is of solid sterling silver, weighing eighty ounces, and bears the following inscription: "Presented to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., by a few admiring friends." The handle is of ebony. The ax is inclosed in a case of polished oak, lined with velvet.

—IN the ancient city of Prague, in Bohemia, there is a venerable Jewish synagogue, its walls so thick with grime as to be absolutely black. The synagogue must be lighted in midday. A superstitious story forbids its cleaning. There is a tradition that somewhere on the walls—the precise spot was unknown—the name Jehovah is inscribed, so that if the walls were cleaned it might be rubbed out.

—THE area of land in Germany upon which the tobacco plant is cultivated exceeds 50,000 acres, Prussia, Bavaria, the Duchy of Baden, Alsace and Lorraine being the countries which grow the most; and the average yield is about 3,300 pounds to the acre. About 50,000 tons of tobacco leaf are imported into Germany every year and about 1,250 tons of prepared tobacco, while the exports of German tobacco do not exceed 4,000 tons.

—THE debt of Pennsylvania amounts to \$21,586,200, having been reduced \$1,068,899 during the past year. Maine has a debt of \$4,815,905. The debt of Tennessee, including unpaid interest, amounts to \$24,274,017. Governor Porter, in his annual message to the Legislature, recommends a settlement with the State's creditors at five cents on the dollar. The total funded debt of Ohio is \$6,476,805. The total local debt is \$41,205,840, to which is to be added an irreducible debt composed of school and other trust funds amounting to \$4,260,984.

—AT the very time that in France Emile de Girardin and his party are asking for the abolition of the penalty of death, and even that of imprisonment, replacing them both by a retired life in the country, the Swiss, on the other hand, have awakened to the fact that doing away with capital punishment is not unmixed good. They are now petitioning the Federal Assembly that it should be re-established, and allege that, if it is not, society will be disarmed against the convict condemned to hard labor for life; and further, that the population will take the law into their own hands, and have recourse to the American system of lynching.

—THE Wesleyans of England have set on foot a movement to build in various parts of the country 100 chapels a year for the next ten years. Towards this scheme two wealthy laymen—Sir Francis Lytton and Mr. William Mewburn—have each promised £10,000. A grant of £45,000 is also to be made in aid of the movement from the Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund. The Wesleyans have chapels or preaching rooms in 5,000 places in England and Wales, and provide accommodation for religious worship for one in thirteen of the entire population, but it is calculated that there are more than 9,000 places, with a population of 5,000,000 of people, where no Wesleyan services are held.

—ROSE cultivation is in Southeastern France a considerable industry. The perfume manufacturers in the department of the Alpes Maritimes consume annually 6,000 hundred weight of roses, and the neighborhood of Grasse and Cannes is thickly studded with rose farms; 30,000 bushels are planted in one hectare (two and one-half acres), and a good bush yields for about twelve years. May is the harvest time. During the Summer the field takes care of itself. In Fall it is carefully weeded and manured, the manure consisting exclusively of offal from the perfume factories and other vegetable matter. Such a hectare planted with rose-bushes and in good cultivation is worth 10,000 francs, and brings in, in an average year, a profit of twenty-four per cent.



NEW YORK.—GRAND RECEPTION IN THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER IN HONOR OF THE OPENING OF THE



ING OF THE NEW CAPITOL BUILDING AT ALBANY, JANUARY 7TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. SCHIMPF.—SEE PAGE 375.

TO A SCRAP OF SEAWEED.

NEGLECTED flower that in the ocean blooms,
Poor exile from the fragrant groves of earth,
What sorrow rises in thy salt perfumes,
To what sad thoughts thy humble charm gives birth?

Tossed by the tempest and the fluctuant tide,
The vulgar plaything of the slimy eel;
Crushed by the vessel's keel or cast aside,
What bitterness thy injured heart must feel!

Thy lovely sisters blush on field and lawn,
The lily, pink, and rose are kin to thee,
Yet thou art destined, from grim night till dawn,
To hide thy envy in the turbulent sea!

Alas, none know why thou wert strangely torn
From leafy woodlands and rich orchards blest,
Nor why thou shouldst not have been sweetly born
A tuberosa to grace my darling's breast!

Unless the Eternal, in His august might,
A sacred usage for thy beauty found,
And made thee to fulfill some sacred rite,
Upon the ghastly forehead of the drowned!

F. S. SALTUS.

A SECRET MARRIAGE

AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK THIRD.

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER V.—WHO ARE MY PARENTS?

"WHO are my parents?" exclaims Louisa Raymond that evening, when all the guests have departed, and she is at last free to ponder over the events of the day alone in her room, while she is supposed to be dressing for dinner.

"Who are my parents?" Often and often has she put this momentous question to herself, but never perhaps with so much anxiety and anguish as this evening. The words of Rupert Cassilis have shown her a glimpse of the outside world; she can think of nothing else, and her soul is filled with mortification and wounded pride.

Lady Rolliford has no right, she thinks, to hide from her her name and origin. Who she really is she scarcely dares to imagine; some peasant-woman's child, a child of sin perhaps! Yet to know the worst were better than this uncertainty. How can she ever hope to marry if she has not a name to sign in a marriage certificate? Of course, as Lady Rolliford's adopted daughter every one respects her, and is kind and considerate towards her; but she feels that this respect, this kindness, and this consideration, however genuine, are at best but well-meant charity.

The world calls her Miss Raymond, and some even entitle her the Honorable Miss Raymond; but this name jars on her ear, and she feels that, after all, she is but an impostor, and that at any moment some disclosure may put an sudden end to her career.

Many a time has she begged Lady Rolliford—ay, with tears in her eyes, tears of pain and humiliation—to reveal to her the secret of her birth, but Lady Rolliford has ever remained inexorable.

"I would not tell you a lie, child, and I cannot tell you the truth," has ever been her answer, and not a word, not a clew has she ever been able to obtain from her.

This evening, when she descends the stately old staircase and enters the drawing-room below, her face is flushed and her large almond-shaped eyes sparkle with a light which only great excitement can give.

Lord Ingham is in the drawing-room; his sister has asked him to remain to dinner, and when Louisa enters she finds him sitting there by the window, looking over a book while waiting for the ladies. It still wants half an hour to dinner-time, and Louisa knows that Lady Rolliford will not make her appearance until the last moment. Many a time has she been on the point of asking Lord Ingham about her origin. He is her benefactor's brother; surely he must know the secret of her birth! And he has always been so kind and considerate towards her. His fair, open face and manly brow give her courage; she feels sure that he will not deceive her; her heart tells her that she can trust him, and on the impulse of the moment she approaches, and taking a seat near him plunges at once into the subject, as a drowning man driven to desperation would plunge into the deepest water to put an end to his anguish.

"Who are your parents?" he says, looking her full in the face with his kind blue eyes, when she has done speaking. "Believe me, Louisa, if I knew, I would not hesitate a single moment in telling you, for I think with you, and indeed I have always thought, that you should know."

She wrings her hands in despair and grows deadly pale.

"You do not know! Oh, Ingham, Ingham, I believe you—you would not deceive me; but tell me, have no suspicions ever crossed your mind? Have you never had any idea as to who and what my parents are? Do tell me all you know. When did your sister first speak about me to you?"

Ingham is greatly moved by her pleading accents; he cannot resist that uplifted face, those imploring eyes; he takes her hand in his and answers:

"I was such a boy when my sister adopted you that I can scarcely remember what she said at the time; since then she has always refused to give me the slightest information about you. You see that I can tell you but little, yet, as you seem so in earnest, so anxious to learn who you are, I will confide to you a suspicion that sometimes crosses my mind, but to which I trust you will not attach more importance than it really deserves."

She is all ears and attention, but her heart beats so loud that it is with difficulty she can catch his words.

"When I was a little boy at Ingham—my father's place in Westra, you know—we had a governess for a short time who made a great impression upon my youthful mind; she was a Frenchwoman, and at the time, I remember quite well, I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; she was tall and dark, and she had large black eyes that seemed to penetrate into one's very soul. Often and often, since you have grown up, I have imagined that I could trace a remarkable resemblance between you. As I gaze upon you the memory of those days comes back to me, and I see the likeness more and more clearly; so much so that I have often thought that in some way or other you must be connected with that woman."

"What has become of her? Have you seen her lately?"

"No; I have not set eyes on her these twenty years; and once, when I asked my sister what had become of her, she told me that she was dead."

"And is there nothing beyond this personal resemblance that leads you to connect me in your mind with her?"

"Yes; her religion—for, like you, she was a Roman Catholic."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure, for I remember well how annoyed my father used to be about it."

"You give me a clew. Ah, but tell me, how do you account for Lady Rolliford adopting me if I were indeed that woman's daughter?"

"I have never thought much about that; but if you are so very anxious, I will tell you what has struck me at different times as accounting for my sister's adopting you. First of all, you must know that Lord Rolliford was staying with us almost all the time that Marie Gautier was at Westra; that was before he married Laura, and before any one imagined that they were in love with each other. He was very fond of our governess; I recollect quizzing her about it at the time; and, strange to say, she ran away suddenly one day, and her departure had such an effect upon him that he was taken dangerously ill, and became a different man from that day."

"And you suppose, then, that I am Lord Rolliford's daughter by that woman, and that afterwards Lady Rolliford adopted me through her love for her husband?"

Ingham is silent.

"This seems probable enough. I remember Mrs. Champion saying once that I had the Raymond features."

"Mrs. Champion! Ah, she would no doubt be able to tell you a great deal more than I can, for, now I recollect, she was at Ingham at the time, and also that she seemed very intimate with Frank Raymond."

"I will ask her. Ah, Ingham, you have given me plenty of food for thought. If this leads to the discovery of my parents, I shall owe you a debt of gratitude which I shall never forget."

Lady Rolliford enters the room at this moment, and any further conversation on the subject is impossible.

Later on that same evening, when Lord Ingham had taken his departure, and Louisa is alone in the drawing-room with Lady Rolliford, her feelings overpower her, she can no longer control them, and falling at her feet she bursts into tears.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" says Lady Rolliford, surprised, yet kindly enough.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it any longer; have pity on me!"

"The vapors again! Oh, Louisa, how can you be so foolish! But I suppose you can't help it, it is your nature. Pray let me know what it is that you cannot bear any longer."

Louisa is trembling all over. "I want to know who I am," she cries, rising and throwing back the raven locks that have fallen over her face.

"You are Miss Raymond, my adopted daughter; is not that enough? Do not think that you will succeed in persuading me to reveal the name of your father. You will never learn anything from me."

"You are cruel!"

"Cruel! Ungrateful child! how can you speak thus to me—to me to whom you owe everything? What would you have been but for me, I should like to know?"

"You will not tell me who were my parents?"

"I cannot."

"Answer me just one question, then. Am I or am I not Lord Rolliford's child?"

"You Lord Rolliford's child! What on earth has put that into your head, Louisa?"

"Something that your brother and Mrs. Champion have told me."

It is now Lady Rolliford's turn to tremble. Can her brother know her secret? Will Mrs. Champion break her word, and reveal to Louisa the fatal mystery of her birth? She dreads even to look at her. That it should have come to this! Often and often has she suspected that her brother entertained vague suspicions of the truth; but how vague or how well founded she has never been able to discover. And Mrs. Champion, that terrible woman! she certainly knows her secret; and though she had bribed her to keep it, she recollects with dismay that the cunning woman never actually swore to do so.

"Am I, or am I not, Lord Rolliford's child?"

The question staggers her; she fears to tell a lie, and yet she would sooner die than reveal the truth.

"I only ask for one word. Am I, or am I not, Lord Rolliford's illegitimate child?"

Illegitimate child! In this addition of a single word Lady Rolliford sees at once a loophole whereby to escape, without injury to her conscience, and yet without revealing her secret.

"If any such thought troubles you, dear Louisa, dismiss it at once from your mind. Although I cannot tell you who your parents were, this one point I can settle for you at once—you are not my husband's illegitimate child."

CHAPTER VI.—BELLA CHAMPION.

GENERAL CHAMPION is having his breakfast in one of the large, old-fashioned rooms of his suburban residence.

Being a strong man, full of life and animal

spirits, and younger than his wife, of course one can scarcely expect him to take much interest in her hobbies now, though for so many years of his life he has been more her slave than her lord and master, and has accompanied her to Italy, helped her in all her secret conspiracies, and even fought like a hero to please her.

Mrs. Champion has given up the world of action now, and taken to that of ideas; she devotes the greater part of her time to reading abstruse philosophical works, and studying what a hundred years ago would have been called "occult sciences;" her health is no longer what it once was, and the reaction caused by the sedentary and monotonous life she now leads, after the existence of adventure and perpetual excitement to which she had previously been accustomed, has greatly injured her constitution.

Mrs. Champion, on her side, has lately become, unconsciously to herself, passionately fond of her husband. Having felt but little love for him at the time of her marriage, she has only become attached to him in after life, and learnt to love him as her passion for the "cause" she had adopted cooled down.

Their bright-eyed elfin child Bella has become the connecting link between them; she smooths away all their little differences, for her brilliant, sparkling, noble disposition has made her the life and soul of Liberty Hall.

The general had returned home at a very late hour, and when his wife, who had sat up for him, met him with expostulations, he got as usual into a rage, told her she was a fool, and refused to give her any explanations. He is now having his breakfast, and is by this time quite ready to make it up with her, and to be coaxed into a good temper again.

He is not permitted to remain long by himself in the dining-room. He has scarcely been there ten minutes before his daughter makes her appearance, and, with an irresistible smile, takes a seat beside him.

Bella is his favorite child, she has been his constant companion ever since she was a baby in arms; it was he who first taught her to ride and to row, and he knows that in the eyes of this lovely girl he is the *beau ideal* of a father and a man. But this morning the pleasure of seeing her is marred by a conscious feeling that he has not behaved well, and that she has come to scold him, and to make him go and apologize to her mother—for the clever girl seldom permits him to see that in all these little differences it is always on his side that her sympathies are enlisted.

"I calculate you have come to read me a lecture, Bella," he says, kissing her fondly, yet with an impatient look on his face. "Bella, my girl, let me advise you to mind your own business; you are growing up to be just such another as your mother."

"And is this not my business?" she says, archly. "I should like to know what either of you would do without me. Bah! don't you think it is awfully silly to go on like this, father?" And then, "By-the-by, mother is waiting for you; won't you go to her and make it up? she is so unhappy—come!" she says, while a look of imploring love shines in her bright eyes. "It is unmanly to be cross; you are the stronger of the two, and should be the first to yield."

The gay badinage of the girl has succeeded at last in dissipating his bad temper, and, as usual, her arch smile and loving manner have produced their effect—a pang of remorse shoots through the gallant officer as he thinks of his own unworthiness; and giving her a kiss he rises and enters the room where Mrs. Champion is waiting for him, ready to make up for the misery he has caused her the previous night, and to apologize for his ill temper.

Mrs. Champion receives him with a smile, and their little quarrel is settled without her having uttered a single word of reproach; she is jealous of her husband, yet she is aware that this feeling must remain as deeply buried in her breast as were her early yearnings and dreams about Italy.

They are still conversing together in the drawing-room when Lord Ingham is announced. He has come to beg Mrs. Champion to take her daughter to a great ball which is to be given on the morrow at Preston House.

"The Duchess of Northland has heard a great deal about Miss Champion," he says, "and she is very anxious to see her; and last night at the Queen's Concert she asked me, knowing how intimate I was here, to try and induce you to take her to Preston House to-morrow."

"The duchess is very kind," Mrs. Champion answers, looking, as she often does now, with dilated eyes straight in front of her, as if she saw something beyond the person she is addressing. "I feel highly flattered, of course. But Bella is not out yet, and, besides, I do not want her to go to balls in town; she sees quite as much society as is good for her at home."

That young lady and her father had now left the room. Ingham takes a seat near Mrs. Champion, and whispers something in her ear.

"Will he, indeed? Well, I am glad. It will do him good to go a little more into society than he has hitherto done. Miss Raymond will be there, of course?"

"Yes. Do you think there is any chance of his falling in love with her?"

"It would be the best thing that could happen to him; she is just the sort of a girl I should like him to marry. You know her, perhaps, better than I do—have you any idea what sort of impression our friend has made upon her?"

"I should say a favorable one; but then he is just the sort of fellow a girl like that would admire; his peculiar turn of mind goes well with her own sentiments," he answers, with that manly openness which, in Glamour's eyes, constitutes his great charm.

"Do you think he will end by becoming a Catholic, or not? You are his most intimate friend, as he told me the other day."

Ingham shakes his head.

"Monsignore Beretta has a great hold over him just now," he says, thoughtfully.

"The monsignore is a deep man!"

"You dislike priests?"

"I dread them; I have good reason to dread

them. But I would not mind so much his turning Catholic now if such a change in his faith could bring about his marriage with Louisa Raymond."

"I see; yet you are a Protestant yourself, and are devoted to the enemies of the Pope," he says, casting a glance at a portrait of General Garibaldi which hangs opposite to him.

"I have lived long enough in the world to discover the virtues and faults of both religions. I bear no ill-will towards the Catholics; and I know Glamour well enough now not to fear any great danger, either to himself or his property, if even he should become one."

"He would be much happier if he were married."

"To Miss Raymond?"

"Well, yes; why not? We are their best friends; let us unite in trying to bring this about. It will be the best thing in the world, believe me, for both of them."

"If you think so, Mrs. Champion, I am quite ready to help you; I will speak to both of them about it and see what I can do. Louisa has been almost a sister to me for many years. I like her, and her strange position pains me very much; and there is nothing I should like better than to see her Duchess of Glamour."

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE BALL.

THE gorgeous saloons of Preston House have seldom looked more brilliant. We are at a great ball given by the beautiful and amiable Duchess of Northland, and most of our friends are enjoying her almost royal hospitality.

On the top landing of the palatial staircase, resplendent with Venetian gold and decorated with priceless paintings, we perceive the Count and Countess Sartorius, and their pretty niece, Mademoiselle de Robertoff, talking with our friend Rupert Cassilis. They have been standing there for some time leaning over the banisters, and passing in review the various guests as they ascend and descend the staircase, and passing more or less well-deserved criticisms upon them in that quiet, facetious manner which nowadays does duty for wit and humor.

"How charming Lady Vic looks this evening!" the countess remarks, gazing through her gold-rimmed eyeglasses at the tall, graceful figure of Lady Victoria Fitz-Charles, on whose brow sparkles a large diamond ornament in the shape of a crescent, and who is now making her way up the stairs, accompanied by the duchess, her mother, and followed by a crowd of young men, who hover about her as butterflies flutter round an unusually dazzling flame.

"What shoulders! As perfect as a statue by Phidias."

"Yes, she looks for all the world like Diana gone astray—in the woods, of course!" says Mademoiselle de Robertoff, perhaps a trifle annoyed because amongst these attendants of Lady Vic's she has recognized one or two favorite partners of her own.

"And almost ready for the bath," Rupert adds, bestowing upon her one of his sweetest smiles.

"Look, look, Clara!" exclaims the countess; "Lady Rolliford and her daughter are coming up the staircase. What a sweet gown Miss Raymond has on! I do not think I ever saw her looking better."

All eyes are turned towards these ladies, and for a moment our two friends are silent.

"Miss Raymond is certainly one of the handsomest girls I know," Rupert Cassilis at last remarks.

"Ah, so you admire her!" Count Sartorius says, with a knowing glance towards his wife.

"Everybody admires her," replies the young fellow, rather confused.

"What is her true history?"

"Mademoiselle de Robertoff, how can you ask such a question? You know as well as I do that nobody has yet been able to discover her parentage."

"I thought that perhaps you might have been cleverer than the rest, you have had so many more opportunities."

"I think it is the very mystery that surrounds her that makes her so interesting," the countess says, putting up her eyeglass again to examine her more closely.

"I must go and pay my respects to Lady Rolliford," says Cassilis, after a pause. "I will see you afterwards in the ballroom. By-the-by, mademoiselle, don't forget that the third dance from this is ours."

"I have changed my mind, M. de Cassilis," the saucy young lady answers; "I don't think that I shall give it to you."

"You have surely not gone and engaged yourself to some one else?"

"Perhaps. But please don't trouble yourself about me. I daresay Miss Raymond will be able to give you as many dances as you choose to ask her for: ta-ta!"

But Rupert Cassilis does not hear these last words, for he has already left the group, and is now making his way through the crowd towards Lady Rolliford and her adopted daughter, who have by this time succeeded in mounting the staircase, and are entering the ballroom.

"I think that you are very hard upon this poor young fellow, Clara," the count says, approaching his niece.

"He likes it."

"Do you like him?"

"Well, yes; he amuses me. He seems very much struck with Miss Raymond."

"What a good marriage that would be for him! She will be immensely rich one of these days, I hear," says the countess, dropping her eyeglass and coming closer to them.

"I wonder if she likes him?"

"Oh, yes. Look at them now," the count says, calling their attention to young Cassilis, who has now reached Miss Raymond and is talking to her, whilst she seems very much interested in his conversation.

"Would you really like Rupert Cassilis to marry Miss Raymond?" Mademoiselle de Robertoff now asks her uncle.

"Clara, you talk as if you could bring this marriage about if you chose."

"Perhaps I can," the saucy girl answers, with a toss of her pretty head.

"And how?"

"Ask me no questions. Monsignore Berretta is coming to lunch with us to-morrow, is he not?"

"Yes; but what on earth has that to do with Rupert's marriage?"

"More than you think, uncle. The monsignore is a great hand at match-making. I shall talk to him about it, and you will see. What odds will you give me that before a year is out our friend is engaged to Miss Raymond?"

The young lady in question has by this time finished her dance with the fascinating Cassilis, and has returned to Lady Rollingford's side. But she is not destined to remain long there, for the Duke of Glamour has already found his way to her, and has engaged her for the next waltz.

The more Glamour sees of Louisa the more he admires her utter self-forgetfulness, and likes the quaint, and at times even melancholy, tone that runs through her conversation. Her peculiar style of beauty, too, pleases his fancy.

That she possesses talents foreign to most young ladies has never been questioned. She is an adept in almost all the accomplishments of the day. She can play and sing and draw as well as the best, and converse in French and Italian better than most young ladies of her age. But her real tastes have perhaps carried her out of the regular routine of the usual feminine accomplishments. As a child she was unusually quick at learning, and her governess, and the numerous masters Lady Rollingford provided for her, with a tender mother's solicitude, could not set her lessons fast enough. She has been born with an inherent taste for art and music, a great love for literature and learning, and constant study has developed and perfected these tastes.

Glamour has seen her now several times, and each time he has left her more and more convinced that she would make just the sort of wife he requires. But he is a man who can but seldom make up his mind, and who requires a motive outside of himself that shall marshal his thoughts for him, and guide his faculties into the path of action.

This evening at Preston House he ventures, carried away by the music and the excitement of the scene, to speak to her more openly than he has ever before had the courage to do. At the end of their dance he has taken her to the refreshment-room with the excuse of getting her an ice, and, after a few moments, they seat themselves in a corner of the now deserted room—for the dancing has begun again, and the couples have all returned to the ballroom—and there they remain conversing together in a low, confidential tone for such a long time, that Mademoiselle de Robertoff, who catches occasional glimpses of them from a distance, concludes that they are in love, and begins to fear that her new protégé, Rupert Cassilis, will have but few chances of winning the mysterious heiress's affections.

Their conversation, however, can scarcely be called a flirtation, though both of them are fully aware in their hearts that a higher motive than the mere amusement of the moment prompts it. They talk a great deal about art and architecture, and Glamour, who is very fond of discussing such topics, speaks with enthusiasm of Rollingford House.

Presently she mentions Castle Muriel, of which she has heard so much, and inquires whether that ancient seat of his family is indeed such a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture as it is generally supposed to be. Glamour loves his home, and the very mention of its name is enough to interest him, and he describes it to her with enthusiasm. Yet his mind is evidently preoccupied, and even in speaking of Muriel his words acquire a significance in her ears that cannot but lead her to suppose that he is thinking of her when describing the beauties of the place and the elegance of the apartments, in which he ends by saying that in spite of all their grandeur he feels at times very lonely by himself, and longs for a congenial companion to share them with him.

"Do you like the country?"

This abrupt question startles her so much that she cannot answer for a moment. Not half an hour before Rupert Cassilis has asked her this very question, and almost in the same tone of voice; and, by a very common association which we are all often led to give to ideas, the mere thought of the baronet's youngest son drives away from her imagination the picture she has been drawing of Muriel, and of the happy life she might lead there as Duchess of Glamour, and takes her back to the previous half-hour, when Rupert Cassilis had his arm around her waist, and was whispering sweet nothings in her ear; or, rather, it takes her still further back—to the bright Summer evening in the Egyptian room of the Rollingford House, when she was first made aware of his feelings.

The dark, thoughtful face of Glamour vanishes from her sight, and instead of the lovely scenes he has been describing to her, and of the serene and placid life of comfort and intellectual intercourse she has pictured to herself while listening to him, she sees the tall, handsome figure of Rupert Cassilis; she sees his fair, sunny, manly face; hears once more his merry good-humored laugh, and forgets all about Muriel and the advantages of becoming a duchess.

"You do not seem to hear me," Miss Raymond, he says, astonished at the sudden change that has come over her; "I asked you if you liked the country."

His voice brings her once more back to herself; she rises quickly, and with a sigh, as if she had been dreaming and forgetting for a moment the scenes around her.

"I heard what you said well enough, duke," she answers. "I am very fond of the country, but I prefer to live in a city; London, or indeed any other great capital—Paris for instance. I love Paris—but I was thinking," she adds, slowly, "that I am engaged for the next dance. I must go, or my partner will never find me. I promised to be in the ballroom in time for it."

Glamour can scarcely conceal his disappointment.

"Who is your partner?"

"Mr. Cassilis."

And without saying another word she takes his arm, and they proceed to the ballroom, where she soon leaves him to join her new partner.

The duke is at once annoyed and disappointed.

It is clear that Miss Raymond does not care for him. He feels sure now that she prefers Cassilis; and yet how sweet and amiable she had been to him! How well she spoke, and how pleased she seemed with the description he had given her of his home! He is quitting the ballroom, determined to leave Preston House at once, and to return home, there, in the solitude of his study, to read a few chapters of the Hebrew Bible he so delights in studying before going to bed, when Lady Boursette approaches him, and detains him with her merry ever-fluent tongue.

Shortly after Ingeance comes up to them and interrupts their conversation.

"I want to speak to you, Glamour, when you are disengaged," he says; and a few seconds afterwards the two friends are seen talking together upon what seems to be a most interesting subject.

(To be continued.)

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY BALL, JANUARY 8TH.

THE ball of the Tammany Society at Tammany Hall, in Fourteenth Street, on the evening of the 8th instant, in celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, was a very pleasant and successful affair. The company was not large, but it was of a high character, and entirely worthy of the occasion. It was composed mainly of the leading men of Tammany Hall and the ladies of their families, but there were also many others not specially identified with the society or the political party. Most of the ladies on the floor were elegantly dressed, while in the score of boxes arranged for the occasion and in the balcony were hundreds of ladies in bonnet and rich winter attire. The decorations of the hall were of a pleasing character, and all the more striking because so seldom seen in the Tammany Building. Among the more interesting decorations were the battle-torn and stained flags which the Tammany regiments of various wars—1812, the Mexican, and the war for the Union—have borne. The windows were draped with lace curtains and lambrequins made of the national colors. On the walls and at the sides of the windows were seals of the States. The alcove at the rear of the platform was concealed by folds of crimson silk, framed with gold-embroidered scarlet silk, shaped into a pointed arch. Within this arch, and pinning the crimson curtains, was the broad seal of New York. In a niche above the arch was a bust of Jackson on a pedestal, covered by a blue silken banner, on which was inscribed, in golden letters, the legend: "The wise, the brave, the good." The niche was draped with scarlet, embroidered with gilt tinsel. The front of the gallery at the southern side of the room was adorned in the same manner; and a fringe of the gilt-embroidered scarlet material hung in front of the capitals of the columns supporting the gallery. The entrances to the ballroom were curtained with crimson silk, and at either side of each entrance was a vase of greenhouse plants. The platform was almost concealed from view by plants, palms, ferns, a few rose-bushes, and intricate designs of greenery.

The ball was followed by a banquet, at which speeches were made by ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Henry L. Clinton, and others.

THE GREAT SNOW BLOCKADE.

THE snow-storm of the first week in January, in whatever part of the country it prevailed, was the severest that had occurred in many years. New York State suffered particularly, and it is a remarkable fact that while Watertown, Oswego, Rochester and Syracuse, with their suburbs, were being snowed under, snow was falling to an unusual depth in various parts of England, Scotland and Switzerland, and Berne and Geneva experiencing the most noticeable paralysis of business. In Central New York the storm began on January 2d, and ceased on the evening of the 6th, a heavy wind prevailing during its continuance. The Western Division of the New York Central Railroad, extending from Buffalo to Syracuse, was absolutely closed to travel for four days. Between Syracuse and New York the track was comparatively open, and trains from the metropolis reached the centre of the State on time. As the snow presented an insurmountable obstacle to progress westward, all the trains were laid up at the depot at Syracuse.

On Friday, 3d, the Atlantic Express attempted to leave Rochester for New York. A snow-plow was sent ahead to clear the track, and the train moved out of the depot drawn by nine locomotives. When it arrived at the Sand Cut, near Fairport, and ten miles east of Rochester, the snow-plow jumped the track, and the express train, which was following close behind, ran into it. At that point the passenger tracks are on an embankment several feet above the old tracks. Five of the engines drawing the express were thrown down this embankment, and the cars were wrecked. The engineer of the first engine, who resides in Buffalo, was buried under the wreck of his engine and instantly killed. Conductor John Holmes was seriously injured. Mr. Clough, road-master, had his leg broken, and two firemen and five passengers were seriously injured. When the news of the disaster reached Rochester, a wrecking-train, drawn by six engines, was dispatched to the scene of the wreck, but all six of the engines jumped the track before reaching Fairport. All Friday night and Saturday the snow fell thick and fast, and the wind blew a terrific gale. Both the wrecks were in a short time almost completely buried in the huge drifts of snow. All attempts on Saturday to reach the wrecks from Rochester proving futile, on Sunday morning a train was made up in Syracuse, consisting of eight engines, a wrecking car, and a derrick-car, with a large force of men, and started for the wreck. On board were Henry Watkeys, master mechanic; Mr. Palmer, Assistant Superintendent, and other officers of the road. At Jordan the train ran off the track, but was soon got on again. It reached the wreck at Fairport about five o'clock on Sunday night, and the work of clearing the tracks and removing the wreck was at once begun.

This experience was the most severe of any that has been made public, although, in a smaller degree, the blockade of passenger and freight trains was quite common throughout the State. On Monday, 6th, traffic was partially resumed, and by Tuesday night the schedule time was made.

Where trains were laid up in the rural districts provisions were obtained from neighboring farm-houses, whose owners, it must be said, drove very hard bargains. In the passenger-coach of a train stalled some ten or twelve miles from Syracuse for several days were a number of ladies. The snow had drifted over the car, and the passengers found

it impossible to get out in search of provisions. Curtains were improvised, and one end of the car was used for a sleeping-room for the ladies. When relief came, in the form of an extortionate farmer, they procured an extra amount of food and fuel. On Sunday divine service was held in the car.

In some instances the male passengers left the cars on a forage for wood and food, and in others the stoves were utilized for cooking purposes. When the first anxieties had passed away the snow-bound travelers, whether in the cars from which they could not escape, or in the depots and farm-houses in which they had taken refuge, set about devising plans of amusement with which to while away the long hours, and amateur magicians, comedians, tragedians, and operatic singers were greeted with an amount of applause they would not receive elsewhere. Card-playing was the rule, and the man with the latest joke or the best story out was welcomed to the social amenities of every set.

Although none of the detained passengers would knowingly put themselves in the way of a repetition of their experiences during these eventful four days, they will retain in pleasant memory many of the jollities that were developed during the siege.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Marche proposes to ascend the river Benue, and to explore the country between the Shari and the Congo. He will leave Paris in February next.

A New Botanical Society has just been formed at Munich. The president is Professor Robert Hartig, and the vice-president Dr. Arnold, an eminent lichenologist.

Dr. Crevaux, the explorer of French Guiana, has reached the source of the Oyapok, and crossed the range which separates Oyapok from the Amazon basin.

Herr Albert Koppers, an eminent sculptor at Bonn, has just finished the model of a statue to be erected in memory of Professor Jacob Nöggerath, the well-known mineralogist.

The Chinese are about to commence the erection of a line of telegraph from Tientsin to Taku at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and also to make the necessary surveys for another line between Tientsin, Pao-tung, and Peking.

Birds build their nests in the seaweed which grows and floats with the Gulf Stream, and in many instances are found 1,000 miles from any land. This weed is sustained by pods grown upon it, which act as air-floats.

The Latest News from Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs informs us that he is at Tripoli, under the protection of the French consul. He was to proceed to Wadal on December 15th, and was daily expecting rich presents from the Emperor of Germany, which he was instructed to offer to the new sultan of this remote kingdom.

Proposed Railway Across Australia.—An expedition has been organized by the proprietors of the *Queenslander* newspaper for the purpose of making a flying survey of the territory between Blackwell (Queensland) and Port Darwin, North Australia, a distance of 1,400 miles, with the view of determining the character of the country and the practicability of constructing a transcontinental railway. It was expected that the party would be fully equipped and start from Blackwell on July 12th, 1878.

Artificial Feldspar.—Messrs. Fouqué and Levy have succeeded in making artificial crystals of oligoclase, labradorite and albite. The process consists in causing feldspar to fuse in a platinum crucible placed in a Schliessing furnace, subsequently to place the ingot before a Bunsen blast, and maintain it for forty-eight hours very nearly at the point of fusion. By means of this biscuit process the vitreous mass changes its structure and crystallizes in all the details and forms of the natural mineral.

Only one Element after All.—Professor Lockyer, after three years of spectroscopic study of the stars, comes to the conclusion that the so-called elements in our globe are compounds after all. According to the new theory the supposed elements are different conditions of condensation of one fundamental substance, probably hydrogen. Mr. Lockyer promises to give a full report of the experiments and inductions which have led him to this astounding result. It has always been a favorite theory of Ralph Waldo Emerson that there was but one substance in the universe, and it would be extraordinary if he were to be sustained by the observations of scientific men.

The Salt Deposits of Germany.—Borings made in different parts of North Germany have proved beyond denial that the assertion made by several eminent geologists that a mighty deposit of salt stretches from the Lüneburger Heide to the coast of the Baltic, is perfectly correct. The deposit begins near Lüneburg, passes underneath the Elbe, and extends right across the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg. Another branch goes in the direction of the Duchy of Holstein, via Legeberg to Elmshorn and Heide. Borings at Lubben have now reached a depth of 456 meters (1,500 feet), and the thickness of the deposit now reaches 130 meters (426 feet), and the bottom has not yet been reached.

A Revolution in Guns.—It appears to be by no means unlikely that the celebrated Krupp gun, with which the whole of the German artillery is at present armed, will be superseded, if not immediately, at all events before very long, by another weapon. Experiments have, it is well-known, been lately made in the foundry at Spandau with bronze steel, prepared by the Uchatius method, and these have been so successful that, according to the Berlin correspondent of an Austrian military paper, the inspector-general of the German artillery has definitely decided to adopt it as a material for the manufacture of ordnance, and, in the first instance, has ordered several siege guns to be made of the new compound, the secret of the preparation of which appears to be now very generally known. The guns which are to be thus manufactured are to have a calibre of 12 centimetres, but will be superior to the Austrian pieces with the same bore, as arrangements will be made to allow a larger charge of powder to be used. In well-informed circles, the correspondent adds, the construction of these guns is looked upon as the first step towards the complete substitution of bronze steel for steel ordnance in the German army. Meanwhile, exceedingly satisfactory experiments have been made on the range at Steinfeld, near Vienna, with two recently constructed 15-centimetre bronze steel guns. The Austrian Minister of War, the President of the Technical Committee, General Uchatius, and a large number of artillery officers, were present on the occasion, and excellent practice was made with the new weapons at 2,000 metres range. The same committee determined that bronze steel may be profitably employed for the construction of rifles, the only drawback being that with the metal prepared as at present, the weight of the arm is increased one-eighth. The experiments of the English Admiralty have also shown that sheathing of phosphor bronze withstands the action of sea water nearly three times as long as the best copper sheathing; it is, however, very expensive, and a substitute has been prepared in Austria, composed of phosphor tin instead of phosphor copper, as the proper alloy for making the bronze. The proportions of 95 per cent tin and 5 per cent phosphorus was found to give good results and to be much cheaper than the material ordinarily used.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LONGSTREET has accepted the Postmastership at Gainesville, Ga.

It is said that Bayard Taylor's Goethe collection of rare volumes will shortly be sold.

THE Italian Mint has just produced a new five-franc piece with the head of King Humbert.

THE marriage of the Duke of Connaught will not, it is stated on good authority, take place until after Easter.

THE Italian Ministers Depretis and Majorano, seeking re-election on taking office in the new Cabinet, have been returned by large majorities.

THE Judges of the United States Supreme Court, with their families, it is said, will pass the month of February in a pleasure trip to Galveston, Texas.

SENATOR SARGENT's two daughters have both studied medicine; and the older, having been graduated, is practicing her profession at the Freedman's Hospital, in Washington.

A REUTER dispatch from Constantinople says Suleiman Pasha's appeal has been rejected. He has been degraded and exiled for life, and now appeals to the Sultan for pardon.

THE announcement that Dr. W. B. Carpenter is about to retire from the post of Registrar of the University of London will be received with general regret. He has filled the office for twenty-three years.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI, who is now at Berlin, is suffering from an accident to one of her knee-caps, which causes much anxiety to her friends. Her physician says that amputation of the limb may become imperative.

DR. STROUSBERG, the famous "railway king" and bankrupt, has arranged an amicable settlement with his creditors. He offers 3 per cent, in liquidation of the claims raised against him, amounting in all to \$18,500,000.

SAFVET PASHA, the new Turkish Ambassador to Paris, has asked the Sultan to be allowed to remain in Constantinople, and has been authorized to postpone his departure. It is possible that another ambassador may be appointed.

MEASRS. THOMPSON, Hyde and Curtis, of the Class of 1879, and Taft and Rogers, of the Class of 1880, will probably be the only men who rowed at New London last Summer who will be on the Yale University crew of this year.

THE King of Holland was married to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, January 7th, with great solemnity. The Duke of Saxony and Prince William of Wurttemberg were the witnesses. Prince Henry of the Netherlands, brother of the King, was unable to be present on account of illness.

DR. GARCELON, the new Governor of Maine, not only received the fewest votes cast for any candidate there last September, but he is even in agreement with the minority of his own party in the State on the currency question, being a hard money man and not afraid to call the cheap silver dollar a fraud.

HENRY VARLEY's Tabernacle, at Melbourne, will, if completed in accordance with the plan, have a seating capacity of 6,000. Its central hall will be an amphitheatre in style, with a large coffee-house in front. The buildings around it will provide comfort for a workman's club. It is proposed to spend £20,000.

MISS MARTHA ATALANTA LUMPKIN, daughter of a distinguished Governor of Georgia, has just been married at Athens to Mr. T. M. Compton. She is fifty years old, and he ten years her senior. The bride took to Atlanta, a city to which the bride has twice stood sponsor: it was first named Marthasville, for her first name; then Atalanta for her second; gradually the "a" was dropped, and Atlanta, the Gate City, became and will remain.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeems Pipes of Pipesville Manor, State of California), walked in upon us last week, all the way from New Zealand and Australia, having come via Mexico and Central America. He is off now for the "Cape of Good Hope" and India, and we expect to hear next that he is lionizing in the wilds of Africa, or giving his graphic, popular and unimpeachable readings, and singing his charming ballads at the North Pole. Success attend the "wanderer" and "Dritter about" wherever he may go, say we!

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. J. STOLBRAND, late of the Army of the Tennessee, who was one of the most accomplished officers of artillery in General Sherman's Army, has been knighted by the King of Sweden and Norway. His Majesty also conferred upon him the "Order of the Sword." Accompanying the appointment is a richly jeweled insignia bearing the following inscription: "C. J. Stolbrand, Pro Patria." This is the first instance where such honor has been conferred by the King of Sweden upon a Swedish American.

MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has lately presented to the Astor Library some very valuable books. One of these, costing \$15,800, is an early printed book, the first edition of the Catholicon of Johannes Balkus de Jenna, dated 1460—a treatise on grammar and rhetoric and a Latin dictionary—the printing of which is attributed to Gutenberg. Another valuable early work is a German Bible, the earliest one with date, printed by Lanier, of Augsburg, in 1477—a fine example of early printing with Gothic type. Another rare work is a beautiful Greek manuscript of the apostolic epistles, in quarto, of the eleventh century. This is in very fine preservation, and is from the collection of the late Duke of Sussex.

THE Princess Louise, who has extremely simple tastes, is described as walking much more than driving about the neighborhood of Rideau Hall. She tramps through the mud with stout boots, and it is said always carries a small cane. A correspondent of a Canadian newspaper says that "a few days ago she was seen suddenly to stop before a small tin shop. She saw something in the window which attracted her attention, and, after observing it for a moment, walked into the very humble place. Now, what do you suppose had struck her fancy? A small tin tea-pot! A little, common thing, with a capacity of about one cup, and worth about twenty-five cents. She bought it, and, I was told, put it in her pocket."

AMONG recent obituary notices are the names of the following prominent people: Joseph Nash, English painter and instructor of the Queen, Prince Consort and many members of the royal family, aged 71; Cardinal Fabio Asquini, the closest companion of Pope Pius IX. during his leisure hours, aged 76; Petros Brysakis, historical painter of Munich, aged 64; Ludwig Schneider, author and reader to the Emperor of Germany, aged 73; Admiral Andrew Drew, of the British Navy, aged 83; Jean Jacques Scherer, ex-President of Switzerland, aged 83; Lady Catherine Whyte-Melville, mother of the author who died a few weeks ago, aged 85; Judge Balcom, of Binghamton, N. Y., aged 60; General Robert Burn, colonel commandant of the British Royal Artillery, aged 86; Professor Jackson, of the Glasgow University, aged 80; Don Espartero, ex-Regent of Spain, aged 86; and Congressman Hartridge of Georgia.

THE LATE MORTON McMICHAEL.

HON. MORTON McMICHAEL, who died at his residence in Philadelphia, January 6th, was one of the marked men of his time. In the city where he had so long lived he was in the highest sense a leader and a representative. His talents were peculiarly versatile. His conspicuous characteristics were—an easy address, an unusual command of language, a faithful memory, and perfect composure under the most trying circumstances; courage in every emergency, as proved by his manly bearing in the riots of 1844, when he repeatedly risked his life in the effort to secure public peace; and thorough familiarity with every topic of the day, whether of art or politics, finance or religion.

Mr. McMichael was born in Burlington County, New Jersey, October 20th, 1807, was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and having devoted himself to the study of the law, was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1827. He became interested in politics at an early age, and soon after becoming a lawyer was elected as Alderman. This position he occupied for many years, during which time he made a good reputation as a lawyer. In 1843 he was elected Sheriff of Philadelphia, and served as such until 1846. In 1866 he was elected Mayor of the city, and held that office three years. Between the periods of these public trusts Mr. McMichael became the editor of the *North American*, of which he was sole proprietor from 1851 to 1870, when he relinquished the active control to his sons. He was twice a Presidential Elector on the Republican ticket. He was also for a considerable time the President of the Philadelphia Union League. In June, 1872, he was Temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention which renominated Grant for the Presidency. Subsequently he was the mover of the nomination of Henry Wilson for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. McMichael in 1876 refused the office of Permanent President of the Cincinnati Convention, which was offered him by the organizing committee of that body. In 1874 Mr. McMichael made a trip of two months to Europe to recruit his health, and in 1875 he was one of the Board of five Pennsylvania managers of the Centennial Exhibition appointed by Governor Hartranft. The following year he was made Doctor of Laws by the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution he had been graduated nearly fifty years before.

Philadelphia is possibly indebted to Mr. McMichael more than to any other man for the perfection of Fairmount Park, a work in which he took the greatest interest, and of which he was, as President of the Commissioners, for a time the active manager. No other citizen of Pennsylvania has filled a larger space in the public eye during the last thirty years, and there is no one who will be so greatly missed as this genial old-school gentleman, whose force of character, sound judgment, broad grasp of principles, accurate knowledge, large tolerance of opinion, adherence to right, quick perception of all that was humorous, and appreciation of all that appealed to the feelings, commended him equally to the high and low.



THE LATE HON. MORTON McMICHAEL, EX-MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA, AND EDITOR OF THE "NORTH AMERICAN."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

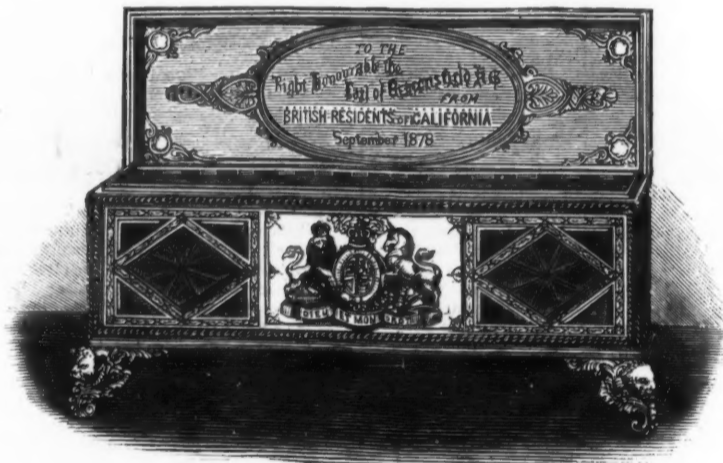
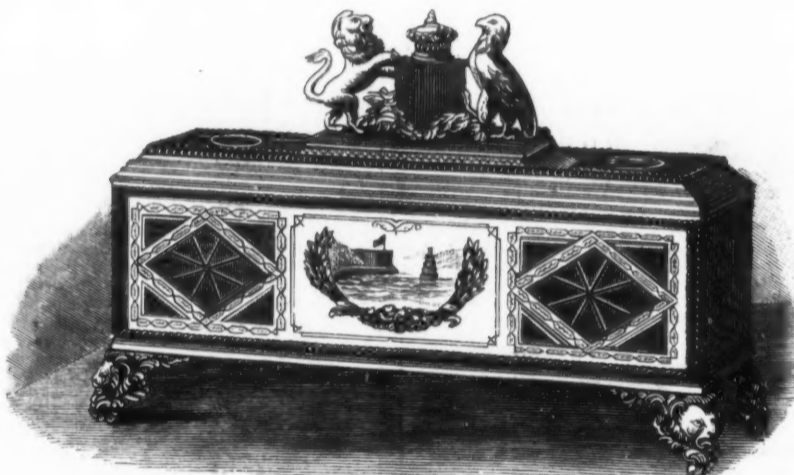
yet a child, and settled with his parents in Rochester, N. Y. There he learned the carpenter's trade, and for some years was an architect and builder. In 1851 he invented the arch-truss bridge known under his name, and soon after came to New York, where he employed himself as a bridge-builder. In 1855 he was appointed General Superintendent of the Erie, but left that road in 1857 to superintend the construction of bridges of his design, and was also consulting engineer of the Atlantic and Great Western. In 1862 he was made a colonel in the army and assigned to duty in connection with transportation, and early in 1864 was made brigadier-general and placed in charge of all military railroads, an extremely arduous and responsible work. He retired, after his work had closed, with the rank of brevet major-general, and lived in comparative seclusion except for a time, when he was Inspector of the Pacific Railroads. General McCallum's work during the war was one of peculiar difficulty and requiring great executive ability, and he rendered very valuable service to the Government.

As an illustration of the nature and magnitude of the work accomplished in the military division of the Mississippi alone, in supplying General Sherman's army, it may be mentioned that there were laid or relaid 433 miles in length of track. There were built or rebuilt over eighteen miles in length of bridges. There were in use 260 locomotives and 3,383 cars. There were employed 17,035 men, and the whole expenses reached the enormous sum of \$29,662,781. So much money was surely not spent for nothing. At one time there were employed in the department 24,964 men. From first to last General McCallum operated 2,105 miles of road, and made use of 419 locomotives and 6,330 cars. Of bridges, he built in all, 137,405 lineal feet, or over 26 miles. Of track, he laid or rebuilt 641 miles. The expenses of the department are scarcely less suggestive. They reached the high figure of \$42,462,155.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLINTON, N. Y.

THE new building of the First Presbyterian Church Society, of Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., is of blue limestone, trimmed with cut stone from Onondaga County, and in its architecture represents both the Gothic and the Roman styles. It is 66 x 90 feet on the ground, and 40 feet high from the water-table to apex of roof. The chapel in the rear is 35 x 65 feet on the ground. The tower is on the northwest corner, from which a stone spire rises to the height of 160 feet from the ground and is relieved of a spindling look, by a belt of cut stone ornamentation about two-thirds of the way up, and similar ornaments near the bottom. At the base of the spire, and on the four sides of the tower, are circular windows which are intended for dials of a clock.

The front is marked by two wide entrances, with semicircular arches. Above this is a belting course of cut stone. Above this again, is an indented semicircular arch, defined by cut stone, and in the centre



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD BY THE BRITISH RESIDENTS IN CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIAN TESTIMONIAL TO THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

THIS casket has been subscribed for by a number of British residents in California, and contains an address expressive of their high appreciation of "the brilliant statesmanship which the Earl of Beaconsfield evinced during the late European crisis, and the interest and pride with which they have watched the successive triumphs which his genius has won for their beloved country." It was taken to London by Mr. W. G. Harrison, who, accompanied by several members of Parliament on December 14th, went to Downing Street for the purpose of making the presentation to the Premier. The receipt of the news of the death of Princess Alice had, however, reached his lordship that morning, and he therefore wrote a letter asking the deputation on that account to defer their meeting, a request which was of course readily complied with, several of the deputation expressing their deep sympathy with Her Majesty in her bereavement. The deputation again attended at Downing Street, by appointment, on the 19th, when the presentation was made, and Lord Beaconsfield expressed his thanks in a gracefully worded speech. The casket, which is the work of Messrs. Anderson and Randolph, of San Francisco, is made entirely of Californian materials. The body is of silver, and the ornamentation of gold and polished gold quartz. One side bears the Royal arms in mosaic relief, and the other presents a view of the harbor of San Francisco, while at one end is represented in relief an English soldier and a Goorkha, and at the other a British sailor and a Sepoy, with the mottoes "Defense, not Defiance," and "Ready, Ay, Ready." On the lid are the arms and supporters of Lord Beaconsfield, done in gold, with mosaic panels, composed of cut and polished plates of gold and silver ores, and stones found on the Pacific coast. The address which the casket contains was engrossed and illuminated in London, and the whole is inclosed in a handsome case of Californian maple.

GENERAL D. C. McCALLUM.

GENERAL DANIEL CRAIG McCALLUM, who died at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 27th, of congestion of the lungs, was born in Scotland in 1815, but came to this country while



THE LATE GEN. D. C. McCALLUM, DIRECTOR OF MILITARY RAILROADS DURING THE REBELLION.—FROM A PHOTO. BY S. M. FASSETT, CHICAGO.



NEW YORK.—FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLINTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARPENTER.

of this is a rose-window. On the northeast corner is another tower, surmounted by a smaller tower with Gothic windows and dome. This relieves the building of the one-sided appearance it would otherwise present. Besides the front entrances, there are others of similar size in the towers on the east and west sides, giving ample access to the vestibule. The characteristic feature of the sides of the building are the windows, with semicircular arched tops, and the heavy buttresses between them. It is here that the cut stone trimmings appear to the best advantage. The general appearance of the building is that of strength.

The audience room is 62x72 feet in size, 25 feet in the clear, and 35 feet in the clear in the centre of the nave. The nave is in the form of a semicircular arch, with a square indentation at the crown. The chancel occupies a recess 24 feet wide, with semicircular arched ceiling 28 feet high. Handsome fresco-work is seen at every glance in this room, the style of decoration corresponding with the architecture of the church and its furniture, the circle and quarter foil predominating. There are four memorial windows in this room.

At the west side of the church is a double door communicating with a hall leading to the chapel. In this hall-way is a small private room for the pastor. The chapel is very light and cheerful. The colors in the frescoing are a little more pronounced. At the west side two rooms are partitioned off by double doors, set with ground glass. These rooms are for the use of the Bible class and infant department. The doors can be opened, throwing the three rooms into one. The room is wainscoted, carpeted, and lighted in the same style as the church. In the rear are three large memorial windows. The entire cost of the building and furniture and memorial windows is about \$40,000. Rev. T. B. Hudson, D.D., is the present pastor of the church.

SCENES IN HAVANA.

THE Royal Havana Lottery is one of the principal institutions of the Cuban capital. It is under the immediate supervision of the Government, to which it yields annually several millions, and is conducted on a simple and just plan by appointed Government officers. During the many years of its existence there has never been a breath of suspicion against the integrity of the general management. The price of the tickets at the Government offices is usually twenty dollars each, and in proportion to fractions, the tickets being printed in sheets, each of which contains some ten and some twenty sub-divisions of the respective number for the convenience of purchasers. Sellers abound in the streets and places of resort, who dispose of them at a small advance on the Government price, and not infrequently the coupons or sub-divisions are used in making "change," being considered as good as money.

The prizes and numbers are each inscribed on

small hemispheres of ivory of equal size, and for the purpose of drawing these are placed in large opaque hollow globes, all the prizes in one and all the numbers in the other. On the day of drawing the globes are placed on an elevated stage in the court-yard of the old Custom House, where the proceedings take place in full view of the assembled crowd.

Two boys, with hand and arm incased in a tight-fitting black glove and sleeve, attend the large globes, and after these have been turned with a crank several times, through a small opening constructed for the purpose, one boy withdraws one of the inscribed hemispheres from

the globe containing the numbers, while the second boy draws from the other globe one of the hemispheres containing prizes. They present the drawn hemispheres to the officers seated on the rear of the platform, who note them down, and the boys then advance simultaneously to the front of the platform, one calling out the number he has drawn, holding it up in his hand, and the other calling the prize he has drawn. The hemispheres are then deposited, numbers and prizes side by side, on a frame prepared for the purpose, which, when the drawing is completed, is covered with a glass, locked, and placed in the court-yard for public inspection.

During the drawing of the lottery, the scene is one of most intense excitement and one in which the whole gamut of the human passions is vigorously portrayed. The lust of gold shines in every face, a delirious craving, a wild, nameless look, such as one was wont to behold at Baden-Baden at the moment the croupier cried, "*Le jeu ne va plus*," and the little ball that held the very life-blood of the crazed players tip, tip, tipped round in its chance-laden bed.

A mad, eager, gesticulating crowd surges round the Custom House, awaiting the announcement of the winning numbers. The doctrines of chance are discussed, stories are told to greedy ears of lucky hits, marvelous gains, of dreams, of omens, of auguries. The peasant and the planter jostle one another in this race for gold. A hush falls upon the assemblage when the official appears, calm as the telegraphic messenger who hands us the worst or the best of news with the same imperturbability. Oh, the joy, despair, envy and hatred that stamp every countenance as the results are declared to the wait-



SCENE AT THE DRAWING OF THE HAVANA LOTTERY IN THE COURT OF THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.



A WATER-SIDE EXPRESS.



THE LOTTERY IN THE CALLE BARRILLO.

ing multitude. Several instances are on record, and others are constantly occurring, of persons in the lowest stage of society realizing large fortunes by the Havana lottery. A negro slave once won the great prize, and a common sailor, undergoing imprisonment, became the winner of a considerable sum. A young German who had gone there to commence business, and found his finances reduced to a low ebb, purchased with his last money a lottery ticket, which, at the next drawing, gave him a fortune. Most of the mercantile houses are regular subscribers, and hundreds, if not thousands, purchase tickets regularly every month. Many, of course, never recover the worth of their money, and it should not be supposed that success always attends the drawing of a lottery is one that would delight the heart of a modern Hogarth. An eager and excited crowd, mixed in character, exhibits its joy and its anguish in the wildest and roughest way. The happy possessor of a copy of the sheet containing the winning numbers runs the risk of being literally torn limb from limb, and its acquisition proves a source of no inconsiderable danger. The lottery mania possesses the entire population of Havana, and for weeks before the special drawing its chances are in everybody's mouth, from the small boy to the grandiose, from the blue-blooded planter to the veriest street mendicant.

Pictureque as a gondola is the water-side express. A great, broad, almost flat-bottomed boat, with a rude awning, consisting of a piece of coarse matting or canvas laid up on hoops, beneath which are piled the special impedimenta, such as valises, traveling cases, etc., etc., while above are deposited miscellaneous wares, from a crate of vegetables, gorgeous in color, to a bag of flour. The bow, as a rule, is reserved for casks, and 'midships sits the oarsman, who languidly plies his oars, while his mate, instead of assisting him at "hurrying up" the craft, leans against the piled-up baggage in an attitude that would cause a member of the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* to expire from sheer envy. The waters are crowded with these expresses, and, in the evening and when the hush of night is creeping across the bay, strains of music steal from the deeply-laden craft, rich melodies, and possessing a charm all Havaneque.

VIADUCT ACROSS THE CUYAHOGA RIVER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

TOWERING high above factory chimneys, above many storied warehouses, above the tapering masts of good ships locked in the death-like embraces of ice, linking one steep bank of the Cuyahoga River with the other, and spanning its broad valley, stands the superb structure of stone and iron, the recent opening of which to public traffic marks an era in the history of the young and vigorous city of Cleveland. The bridge over the Cuyahoga has been as stoutly contested as that by Horatius in the days of old. In 1836 the Legislature of the State of Ohio granted charters to two cities—the city of Cleveland on the east side, the city of Ohio on the west side of the river. The Clevelanders were ambitious of absorbing Ohio, and the citizens of Ohio determined not to be annexed. The old wooden bridge was the scene of many a bloody fray. It witnessed frays from both cities; it beheld skirmishes with shot-guns, and bludgeons, and stones; it was blown up by gunpowder; it was sunk into the river; its underwork was burnt and its masonry destroyed. In hall and in council the vexed question was fiercely discussed, but, in the end, the march of progress proved too much for the bourgeois of the city of Ohio, and to-day the pedestrian saunters along a roadway such as Baron Haussmann would pause to admire, and a London cockney inadvertently compare to that upon his much prized Thames Embankment. Seven teams could drive abreast along its carriageway, while an army could march by fours on its spacious foot-walks, on either side. Its width from "out to out" is 64 feet, 42 feet roadway and 11 feet sidewalk on each side. It timed myself in crossing it, and, walking at "a fair round pace," fourteen minutes brought me from one extremity to the other. From its starting-point at the intersection of Superior and Water Streets, on the east side of the river, to its terminus at the intersection of Pearl and Detroit Streets on the west side, is 3,211 feet, or nearly two-thirds of a mile. Superior Street is the Broadway of Cleveland, and this magnificent *addendum* adds considerably both to the appearance and to the value of the much frequented thoroughfare. Commencing at the eastern point of the crown of the hill at Superior Street, the viaduct for 150 feet is constructed of heavy stone-retaining walls, filled in with earth and paved. Next comes the iron work. Three 50-foot spans of 50-inch iron plate girders, succeeded by two 145-foot spans, and one 160-foot span of double intersection Pratt truss. The height of the truss in the 145-foot spans is 18 feet 6 inches from centre to centre of chords, and that of the 160-foot span, 20 feet. The western end of the 160-foot span rests on the first river pier, about 65 feet from the east bank.

There are 332 feet between this first pier and the first arch of the mason-work on the west side. This space is spanned by a swing or drawbridge, at about 150 feet from the west bank of the river. The height of the truss in the draw is 30 feet in the centre and 20 feet at the ends. The total weight of the iron in the fixed spans and the draw is 1,440 tons; the weight of the draw and turn-table is 685 tons. The stone pivot-pier on which the draw turns stands partly in the water at the edge of the west bank. Between the two piers there are 130 feet of clear water-way. The draw, which is the heaviest though not the largest in the world, is moved by steam. The masonry of which the west side of the viaduct is constructed is 1,379 feet in length, consisting of ten arches, eight of 83 feet span and two of 97 feet span. To Pearl Street, the remainder of the road, partly embankment and partly excavation, 80,500 perches of stone have been used in the masonry of the viaduct. The river piers and the first nine arches on the west side have pile foundations in the driving of which 277,000 lineal feet—between 55 and 56 miles—of piling were used. The floor of the draw is 68 feet above ordinary water level, its width 46 feet—a 32-foot roadway and two 7-foot sidewalks.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the viaduct has cost money. The estimated expenditure is calculated as \$2,151,460, to meet which viaduct bonds have from time to time been issued to the amount of \$2,135,000. The toll and management of the bridge is at present greatly exercising the city fathers, and it is supposed the following rates will be charged: Every person, except employes and passengers on street-cars, one cent for each transit over the viaduct or any part thereof; one cent each animal, except street-car horses; while each street railroad using it will be charged \$6,000 per annum.

The view from the viaduct was *bizarre*, as, leaning upon its handsome iron railings, I gazed around me. Out on my right lay Lake Erie, a mass of

greenish-white ice touching a greenish-white sky. Away beneath me were ships, such as Doré has so weirdly sketched in the "Ancient Mariner," all huddled in icy kisses; factories, houses, streets, all in miniature. In front, St. Malachai's Church "topped the neighboring hill." On my left, the snow-clad heights, and under them the scooped-out valley planted with mills and storehouses, and intersected by railways innumerable. As in the case of the Holborn Viaduct in London, new and handsome buildings are already springing up, and the Atwater Block, as seen on the extreme left of our illustration, is a very pronounced specimen of the architecture much in vogue when "Anne was King." The Cleveland Viaduct is a supreme success, and, ere many years roll over, 250,000 of the inhabitants of the Forest City may lay claim and title to pass over this magnificent triumph of engineering skill and output of a commercial activity destined to promote her to the very front rank of the splendid cities in the Union.

FUN.

NO TRUE gentleman will ask a lady if her coral jewelry is made of sealing-wax.

PASSENGER (waiting): "How long is the next train to Cuppleham?" Porter: "As long as this 'ere platform, if it don't get smashed in half afore it gets 'ere."

A LADY asked the judge what she would say in court if she were asked her age. The blunt jurist replied, "Say, madam, what I believe would be the truth, that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

LAWYER: "How do you identify this handkerchief?" Witness: "By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it in my pocket." Lawyer: I don't doubt it at all; I had more than one of the very same sort stolen.

A COUNTRY clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at the "breakfast" of a funeral, and was gravely told in explanation, "Bless you, sir, they're not laughing—they're only dissembling their grief."

TWO HISTORIANS have a quarrel, and indulge in some slight mutual recrimination. "You're a plagiarist, sir!" "Sir, you're a liar!" "I say you're a plagiarist, sir! You say in your history of France that Louis XIV. died in 1715, exactly the date that I've given in mine!"

"Is the doctor in?" asked an anxious-looking young man. "No, sir," replied the person addressed, "but you can leave an order on the slate. Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home my youngest brother was falling out of a second story window."

THE HEIGHT OF OBSTINACY.—A sick man lying on his right side, motionless, almost dead, receives a visit from a friend. "How, my poor fellow! No better?" "No. The doctor says that if I move, even if I turn over, it will kill me." "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe it." "Can't believe it?" "No." "Well, see!" And he turns over in a rage and dies promptly.

A WEE liddle was brought before one of the Glasgow bailies, who, after reading him a lecture, asked, "Where did you learn so much wickedness?" "Do you ken the pump in Glasford Street?" "No," said the bailie. "Weel, then, do you ken the pump in Brigsteat?" "Yes, sure," was the reply. "Weel, then, ye may gang there, and pump as long as ye like; but I'm hanged if ye pump me!"

A GOOD story is being circulated in the clubs of Paris and London of the Duke Décazes and a well-known London horse-dealer. The former has occasion to buy a pair of carriage-horses, and repaired to the latter, who trotted out a pair of magnificent steppers. "The price?" asked the duke. "Five hundred guineas," said the dealer. "Oh! that is not half my figure," was the reply. "I shall not look at anything under £1,000." "I can manage to suit your lordship with one," remarked the astute dealer, and directed the groom to take away the pair, with certain further directions, delivered *so to rook*. Away went the man, returning in five minutes with a noble stepper. "There, my lord, he's worth 500 guineas every inch, and I couldn't take less!" The duke looked at the animal, expressed his delight, and wrote out a check for the amount. "But how about a match?" quoth he. "In three days I can produce a beauty to match him exactly," responded the dealer. "Do," said the duke; and in three days the former had sold his original pair for a thousand guineas. This is *vero e ben trovato*.

THEOLOGICAL students reason that if there be counterfeit money there must be genuine; so, if there be infidels, there must also be Christians. If this be true of money and religion, will not the same rule apply to "put up" medicines? Do not the cheap and worthless nostrums prove that there are genuine and meritorious "put up" medicines? The great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has resulted in the manufacture of many shoddy imitative and tonic remedies, but one after another these have disappeared, the proprietors having found that, no matter how loud they advertise, success depends upon merit. In South America, as well as in this country, the Discovery is the standard remedy for all scrofulous and eruptive diseases. It acts promptly on the stomach, liver and blood, toning up, regulating and purifying the system. It speedily allays all bronchial irritation, and cures the most stubborn cough or cold in half the time required by any other remedy.

CATARRH AND ITS CURE.

CATARRH is a disease so disgusting and dangerous in its tendencies that we do not wonder that persons are horrified when they find themselves subjects to its insidious attacks. Can catarrh be cured? Among the thousand and one so-called cures there one remedy that can be depended upon? From reports, certificates, and representations from those who have found in Dr. M. W. Case's Carbolate of Tar a remedy, we are led to direct the attention of our readers to the following facts: Dr. Case is a highly educated physician, of extensive experience and large practice, which is rapidly extending throughout the whole country. Many years ago he perfected a system of treating diseases by inhalation so perfect and so satisfactory as to elevate inhalations as a mode of treatment to the highest point of honor in the medical profession.—*Com.*

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100 Prizes of 100.....	10,000
200 Prizes of 50.....	10,000
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CONTENTS:

Prominent among the DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES are: "A Day with the Lebanon Shakers," by Annette S. Bassett, graphically describing a visit to this singular Community, and summarizing the leading points of their system of religious faith. The article is profusely illustrated.

"The Pagoda of Soabramanyon at Tanjore"; "Jaffa" (the Ancient Joppa) in Palestine, etc. In the DEPARTMENT OF FICTION is the continuation of the admirable serial, "David Fleming's Forgiveness," and the conclusion of "In Mischief Again." Among the shorter stories are "One Life," by Ella T. Disoway; "The Story of Miles Phillips," by A. H. Guernsey; "A Well-Spent Day," by Mary E. Porter; etc., etc. ESSAYS by Augusta Browne Garrett; "Hints for a Sunday-School," by F. W. Upham, LL.D.; "Anticipations of Scientific Truth in Scripture"; "Take God at His Word"; "The Rock of Ages and its Author," by Rev. William Aikman; "The Altar in the House," etc., etc. Among other very interesting SKETCHES are "Beppo's Picture," "The Light of His Eyes," "The Sergeant and the Pastor," "Loving One's Neighbor," "The Gray Mare is the Better Horse," "A Sunday with the Mississippi Negroes," by Alexander Clark, D.D., etc., etc. Poems by Charles D. Warner, Elizabeth Cummings, Rev. A. A. Lippcomb, Byron A. Brooks, etc., etc. The Rev. Dr. John E. Edwards contributes a number of characteristic anecdotes of the late Bishop Early of Virginia. The topic



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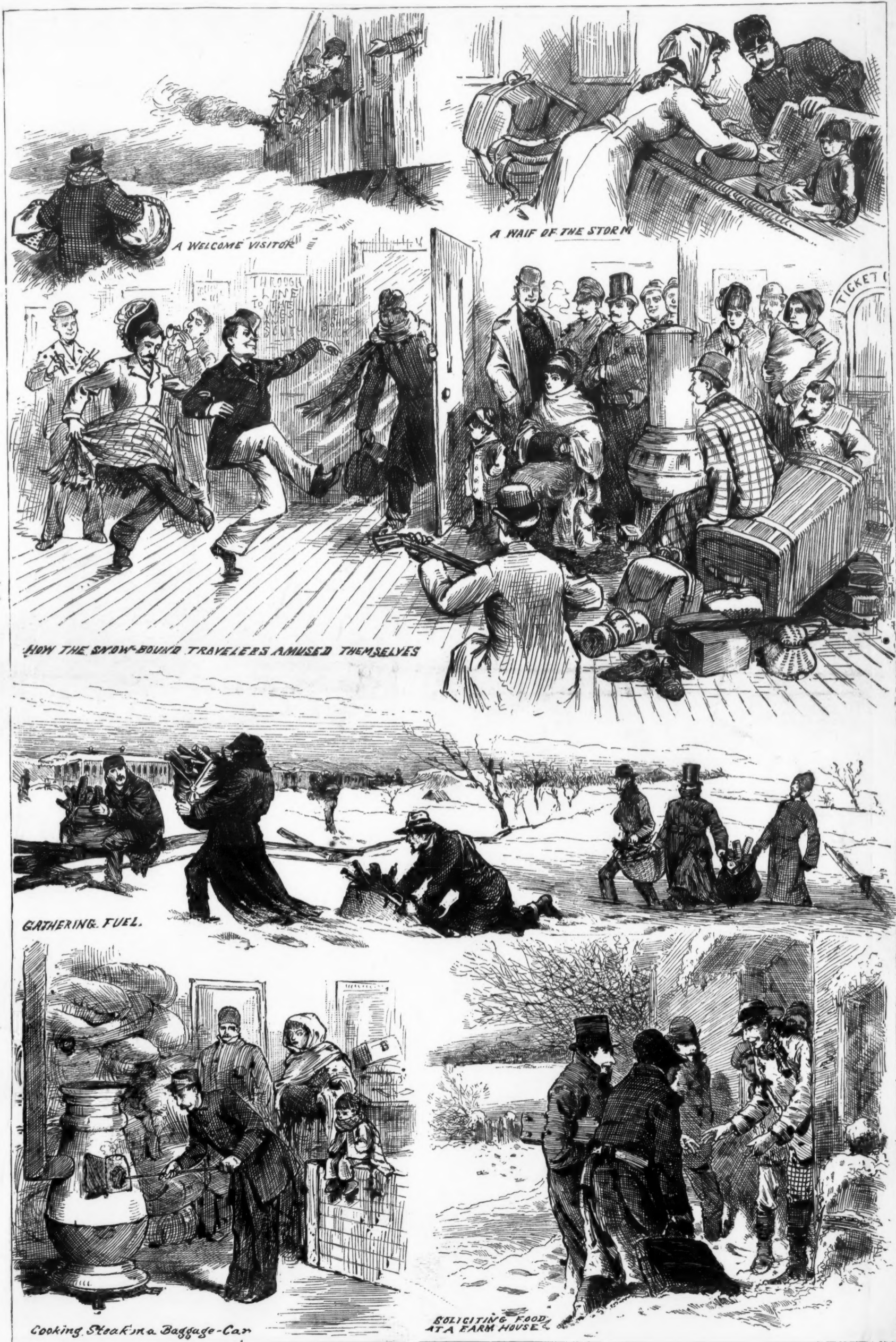
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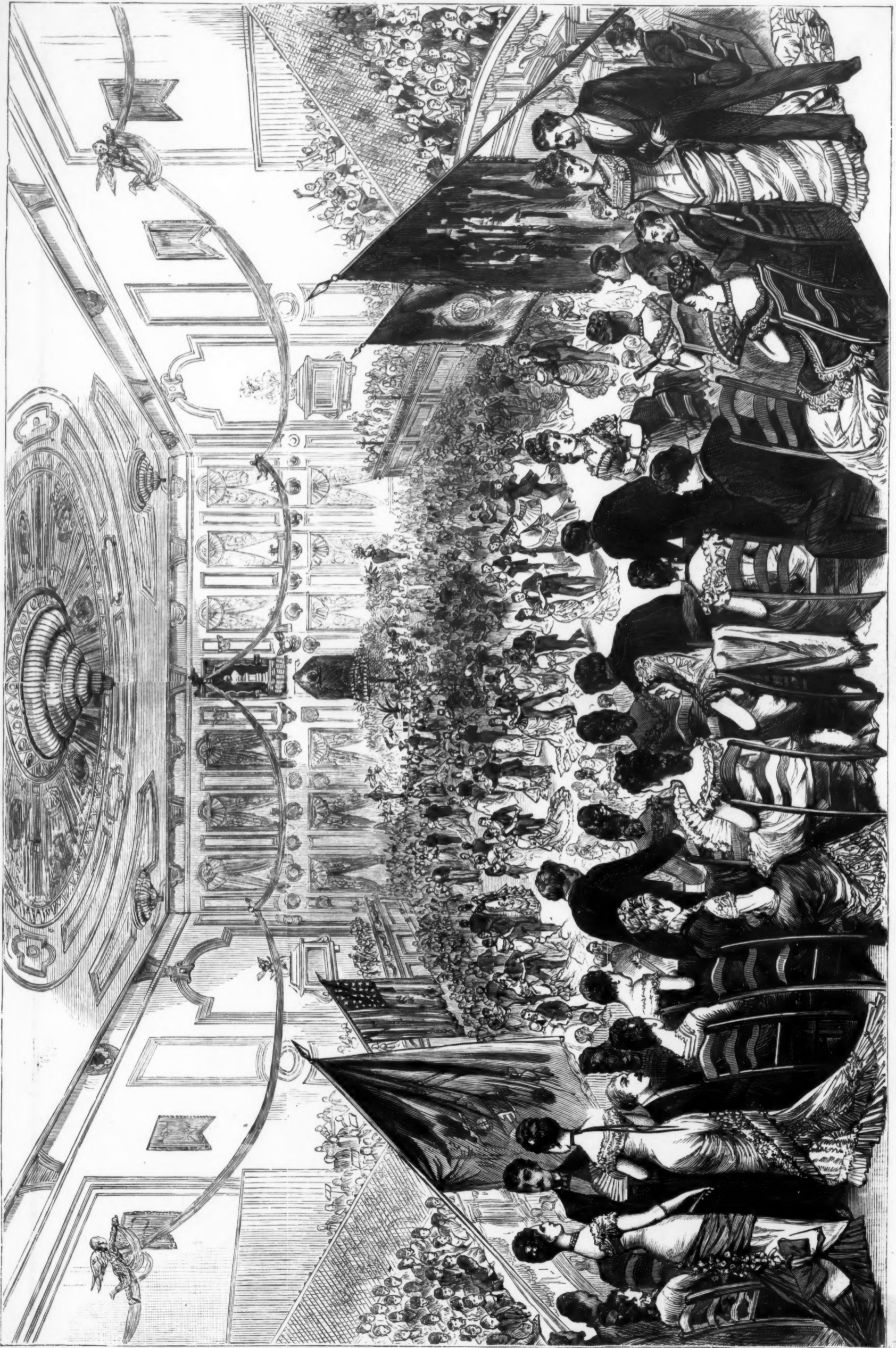
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PORT, AFTER THE WRECKING OF THE ENGINES OF THE ATLANTIC EXPRESS AND THE RELIEF TRAIN, JANUARY 3D.
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